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AUTHOR Reginald A Stoneham and Clement John De Garis : ADDRESS Melbourne : TITLE OF WORK  
FFF : TYPE OF WORK Dramatic Work : APPLICANT Clement John De Garis : DATE OF APPLICATION  
25 Jun 1920 : DATE COPYRIGHT REGISTERED Not Registered : WORK ENCLOSED? [Yes]

## ATTORNEY-GENERAL'S DEPARTMENT.—COPYRIGHT OFFICE.

APPLICATION FOR THE REGISTRATION OF COPYRIGHT IN A  
DRAMATIC WORK.No. 8509APPLICANT—Clement John De Garis

REPORT—application informal. Mr. De Garis declares that he is the author of the work, whereas it would appear from the work itself that he is joint author with R. A. Stoneham. G. B. B.  
18.6.20.

Copy of work received.

G. B. B.  
15.6.20.

Applicant asked to file a fresh appn. and evidence of ownership of Copyright.

G. B. B.  
18.6.20.

Fresh appn. received.

G. B. B.  
30.6.20.

Inform Mr. De Garis that as Mr. Stoneham is part author of the work forming the subject of this application it will be necessary for him (De Garis) to furnish this office with evidence of transmission of the Copyright of said part before he can be registered as the sole owner of the Copyright of the Musical Comedy.

G. B. B.  
30.6.20.

Soul  
Lew  
1.7.20

See 19:549 herein from Mr. Stoneham.

G. B. B.  
22.9.20.

Copies of musical works of the film.

G. B. B.  
22.9.20.



Copyrights.

## COMMONWEALTH OF AUSTRALIA.

Copyright Act 1912.

APPLICATION FOR REGISTRATION OF COPYRIGHT IN AN  
UNPUBLISHED ORIGINAL LITERARY, DRAMATIC,  
MUSICAL, OR ARTISTIC WORK.

(By the Author or Authors, or his or their Assignee, Agent, or Attorney.)

I, <sup>(1)</sup> Clement John De Garis  
~~WE~~, <sup>(2)</sup> Mildura, in the State of Victoria,  
Commonwealth of Australia

<sup>(3)</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ hereby make application for the  
 registration of the Copyright in a <sup>(4)</sup> - dramatic - work

being a Words of a Musical Comedy entitled <sup>(6)</sup> "F. F. F." An  
Australian Musical Comedy. By C. J. De Garis and Reg.  
a Stoneham.

I declare that Reginald A. Stoneham of Melbourne, in  
and State of Victoria, and myself, are  
 the authors of the said <sup>(4)</sup> - dramatic - work, and at

the time of the making thereof, viz.: <sup>(8)</sup> 22<sup>nd</sup> March 1920

\* ~~I or he was~~ <sup>(9)</sup> British subject's resident as aforesaid  
~~we or they were~~

I do further declare that I am the owner \_\_\_\_\_ of the Copyright in  
~~we~~ <sup>(4)</sup> - dramatic - work.

And ~~we~~ I make this declaration conscientiously believing the statements  
 contained therein to be true in every particular.

Declared at Mildura this 25<sup>th</sup> day of June 1920  
 before me <sup>(11)</sup> Alfred S. Heyd

COMMISSIONER FOR  
 TAKING DECLARATIONS AND AFFIDAVITS

To the Registrar of Copyrights, Commonwealth of Australia.

(1) Name of Applicant (in full).

(2) Address.

(3) Occupation.

(4) State whether "Literary," "Dramatic,"  
 "Musical," or "Artistic" Work, as the case may be.

(5) State whether "Book," "Song," "Drama,"  
 "Painting," &c., as the case may be.

(6) State title of work in full, or description  
 sufficient to identify it.

(7) Name and address of the author of the work,  
 or the words "I am" or "we are," as the case  
 requires.

(8) Fill in date of making of work.

C.15192.

(9) "A British subject," "Resident within a  
 part of His Majesty's dominions to which the Act  
 extends," "a subject or citizen of a foreign country  
 to which an Order in Council under the Act relates,"  
 or "Resident in a foreign country to which an Order  
 in Council under the Act relates," as the case may  
 be.

(10) Signature of Applicant.

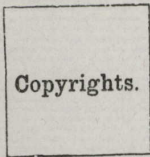
(11) Signature of person before whom the  
 Declaration is made.

NOTE.—Where the Applicant is the Assignee  
 from the Author, the Applicant must forward with  
 his application each assignment or instrument by  
 virtue of which he derives his title, with an attested  
 copy thereof.

\* Strike out whichever is not needed



Form G.



COMMONWEALTH OF AUSTRALIA.

Copyright Act 1912.

STATEMENT OF ADDRESS.

SIR,

I hereby authorize and request you to send all notices, requisitions, and communications in connexion with my application for the registration of the Copyright in my<sup>(1)</sup> dramatic work.

entitled<sup>(2)</sup> "J. J. J."

to<sup>(3)</sup> me at Mildura, Victoria.

Dated this 23<sup>rd</sup> day of March A.D. 1920

<sup>(4)</sup> *A. Deary*

To the Registrar of Copyrights,  
Commonwealth of Australia.

NOTE.—A particular address must be given. An address such as "General Post Office, Melbourne," will not be accepted.

(1) Here insert "Literary," "Dramatic," "Musical," "Artistic" Work, or "Mechanical Musical Contrivance," as the case requires.

(2) Title of work.

(3) Here insert name and full address.

(4) Signature of applicant in full.



L.b. 8509.

COMMONWEALTH
No. 599
COPYRIGHT OFFICE
DATE 22-9-20.

22-9-20.

To The Registrar of Copyrights  
Melbourne

Dear Sir,

In reference to an application by C. J. De Jans  
for copyrights in connection with the Book and music  
of the Musical Comedy, entitled 'F. F. F.' I hereby  
declare that I have made an assignment to  
Mr De Jans under terms of an agreement made  
some months ago, of my interests in this affair,  
including the copyright in such  
Musical works.

F. A. A. Stoneham.



COMMONWEALTH OF AUSTRALIA.

Form D4.



COPYRIGHT ACT 1905.

CERTIFICATE OF REGISTRATION OF COPYRIGHT IN  
AN ARTISTIC WORK.

No. \_\_\_\_\_

I, GEORGE TOWNSEND, Registrar of Copyrights, do hereby certify that

of \_\_\_\_\_

has this day been registered as the owner of Copyright in \_\_\_\_\_

which was produced by \_\_\_\_\_

on the \_\_\_\_\_ day of \_\_\_\_\_

A.D. 191 \_\_\_\_\_

Given under my hand and the seal of the Copyright Office this

\_\_\_\_\_ day of \_\_\_\_\_ A.D. 191 \_\_\_\_\_

(L.S.)

\_\_\_\_\_  
*Registrar of Copyrights.*



Copyrights.

COMMONWEALTH OF AUSTRALIA.

Copyright Act 1912.

APPLICATION FOR REGISTRATION OF COPYRIGHT IN AN  
UNPUBLISHED ORIGINAL LITERARY, DRAMATIC,  
MUSICAL, OR ARTISTIC WORK.

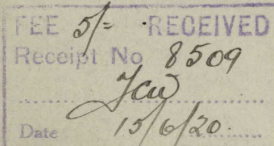
(By the Author or Authors, or his or their Assignee, Agent, or Attorney.)

*8509* I, <sup>(1)</sup> Clement John De Garis  
~~we~~,  
of <sup>(2)</sup> Mildura, in the State of Victoria,  
Commonwealth of Australia  
<sup>(3)</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ hereby make application for the  
registration of the Copyright in a <sup>(4)</sup> dramatic work  
being Words of a Musical Comedy entitled <sup>(6)</sup> "F. F. F."

*8509* I declare that <sup>(7)</sup> I am  
~~we~~ the author of the said <sup>(4)</sup> dramatic work, and at  
the time of the making thereof, viz. :— <sup>(8)</sup> 22<sup>nd</sup> March 1920.  
\* I ~~or he~~ was <sup>(9)</sup> a British subject resident as  
we or they were  
aforsaid

I do further declare that I am the owner of the Copyright in  
~~we~~ the said <sup>(4)</sup> dramatic work.

*8509* And I make this declaration conscientiously believing the statements  
contained therein to be true in every particular.



Declared at Melbourne this <sup>(10)</sup> 22<sup>nd</sup> day of March 1920.

before me—<sup>(11)</sup> ✓

C. J. De Garis  
Commissioner for Declarations.  
To the Registrar of Copyrights, Commonwealth of Australia.

- (1) Name of Applicant (in full).  
(2) Address.  
(3) Occupation.  
(4) State whether "Literary," "Dramatic,"  
"Musical," or "Artistic" Work, as the case may be.  
(5) State whether "Book," "Song," "Drama,"  
"Painting," &c., as the case may be.  
(6) State title of work in full, or description  
sufficient to identify it.  
(7) Name and address of the author of the work,  
or the words "I am" or "we are," as the case  
requires.  
(8) Fill in date of making of work.  
C.15192.

(9) "A British subject," "Resident within a  
part of His Majesty's dominions to which the Act  
extends," "a subject or citizen of a foreign country  
to which an Order in Council under the Act relates,"  
or "Resident in a foreign country to which an Order  
in Council under the Act relates," as the case may  
be.

(10) Signature of Applicant.

(11) Signature of person before whom the  
Declaration is made.

NOTE.—Where the Applicant is the Assignee  
from the Author, the Applicant must forward with  
his application each assignment or instrument by  
virtue of which he derives his title, with an attested  
copy thereof.

\* Strike out whichever is not needed



L.C. 8509

COMMONWEALTH	
No.	390
COPYRIGHT OFFICE	
DATE	30.6.20

C. J. DEGARIS

"WINDULVA"  
12TH STREET.  
MILDURA.



TELEPHONE 56.  
DIRECTOR OF PUBLICITY A.D.F.A., MILDURA.

MANAGING DIRECTOR :

E. DeGARIS & CO. PTY. LTD., MILDURA  
SARNIA PACKING PTY. LTD. MILDURA  
PYAP PTY. LTD. PYAP, SOUTH AUSTRALIA

Mildura, 25th June, 1920.

The Registrar of Copyrights,

Adelaide *mead*

Dear Sir,

Many thanks for yours of the 18th.

The completed document is enclosed herewith. I am glad you pointed out the discrepancy, because Mr. Stoneham, being the composer must naturally be counted as part author.

Yours faithfully,

*C. J. Degaris*



Copyrights.



Copyright Act 1905.

CERTIFICATE OF REGISTRATION OF PERFORMING  
RIGHT IN A MUSICAL WORK.

No. ....

I, George Townsend, Registrar of Copyrights, do hereby certify that

.....  
of .....

has this day been registered as the owner of the Performing Right in .....

....., which was first performed by

.....  
at .....

on the ..... day of

....., A.D. 19 .....

Given under my hand and the seal of the Copyright Office this

..... day of ..... A.D. 191 .....

(L.S.)

.....  
*Registrar of Copyrights.*



F. F. F.

AN AUSTRALIAN MYSTERY MUSICAL COMEDY.

by

G. J. De Garis,  
and  
Reg. A. Stoneham.

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

Bob Dean, . . . . .An Office Boy  
Bess . . . . .A Stenographer  
Miss Florrie Hastings . . . . .Fitz's Private Sec., afterwards  
Mrs. Ferguson.  
Mr. Fitzwilliam Ferguson. . . . .A Would-Be Playwright  
Mr. Hughdee . . . . .A Theatrical Manager  
Mrs Patchwork . . . . .A landlady  
Maggie Smith . . . . .A domestic  
Robert Battle . . . . .A footman  
Mr. Richard Tallboy(. . . . .Of the firm of Messrs. Tall-  
Mr. Edward Shortun (. . . . .boyand Shortun, Solicitors.  
Mr. Joseph Morgold . . . . .A Multi-Millionaire  
Mrs Hastings . . . . .Florrie's Mother  
Dan Roslyn . . . . .An Australian Chum of Fitz's

Note:-

Mr. Richard Tallboy very short and stout  
Mr. Edward Shortun extremely long and thin.

The part of Fitzwilliam Ferguson in the early stages of the Prologue and the 1st Act must be played with great breziness and naturalness and go with a swing, to make the greater contrast when he adopts the role of fop.

Prologue The Challenge. (Fitz's Office)

(The curtain lowers for one minute between Prologue and Act 1.)

Act 1. The Cable, (Fitz's Office)  
Act 2. The Conditions (Lodging House England)  
Act 3. Scene 1. After the wedding (Fitz's Aust. home)  
Scene 2. The Deaf Hear do do do

Stenographers Sextette {  
Men Servants { In addition.



PROLOGUE.

Fitzwilliam's office - A Big Room - Cutler Desk - Revolving Chair - downright - Safe at C back. Writing Desk and chair up L.

Well furnished W.P. Baskets Glass Book Case (Office) Pictures on wall etc. etc.

BOB DEAN - Age about 16, bright, cheery, cheeky, bustling round, smoking a cigarette, moving furniture with M.S.S. in hand as curtain arises.

BOB. There's somethin' doin' this A.M., alright, although its Sunday. The Boss has had nearly all the Office Furniture moved out, so that, as he says, we'll all have room to "spread our selves a little" when the Big Man comes: He says it will be a Sunday we'll all remember.

Who the Big Man is, we're all wondering. We "don't know nuffink" except that it's something to do with the Boss' hobby of play-writin'.

ENTER BESS. A stenographer, about 18, Hair down, happily humming the tune of "Cooee"

BOB puts down his cigarette and with M.S.S. in hand comes forward.

BOB (nods) Well Bess, how are things the morn's morn? Got over the weeks rehearsals?

BESS(brightly) Yes Bob. Last night was lovely. Didn't everything go with a swing. (takes off hat).

BOB. Bet yer life, it did. Where the Boss dug up his acting ideas I dunno. He's always springin' somethin' new: but it seems O.K. to me.

BESS. (sits) It is O.K. Now Bob, we must all do our very best to-day for the sake of F.F. He's worked hard on this and if his own staff pulls it thro' it will be a wonderful thing. It's daring on his part to trust it to us: but we're all determined to see it thro'.

BOB. Me too, right up to the neck. You can count on your Uncle Robert. Well, whats the programme now?

BESS (rising) All the others are getting ready. Miss Hastings is just making sure that all the furniture is ready to rush on when wanted: and that the music and the orchestra is ready for F.F.'s word.

BOB. And when is the Boss, F.F., as all you girls call him, coming along?

BESS. Miss Hastings said he would be here by 9.30, so he's due in a couple of minutes. Are you ready for your bit. You begin, remember? (she moves towards the door, hat in hand).

BOB. I'm ready, aye ready: but say Bess, before you go, have you guessed the reason of the title the Boss has given his play. F. F. F.

BESS. No, I have'nt. Of course I'e thought of scores of names beginning with F.F.F., but none of them may be right.

BOB. I asked him last night.

BESS.(turns astonished)



F.F.F.

BOB.I asked him wat ~~2.2.2.~~ stood for?BESS.

And what on earth did he say?

BOB.

He laughed and said he would give a big reward to whoever guessed it - and that it was very easy to anyone who followed the plot: but it was not FIAR FAT FORTY. (laughs)

BESS (joins laughter)

Good for him. That's one off my list. Well, Bob, good luck in your break into amateur theatricals. (waves hand and exit R.)

BOB. (soliloquises)

A rum go this, I do think. The first time on earth - as Barnum would say - (turns and listens) Hallo ! here's F.F. himself. (goes to his chair and writes)

ENTER Fitzwilliam, very brisk, alert, confident Full of energy and quick action. Goes to desk. Puts hat on rack nearby.

FITZ. (to BOB.)

Morning Bob. How's my young Henry Irving?

BOB. (nervously smiling)

Fine, sir. I'll be alright for whatever is on the boards.

FITZ.

Right then. Now go to the outer office and be ready to let a visitor in - in about 5 minutes. While watching, ask Miss Hastings if there's anything you can do <sup>for</sup> her or the others. When you've shown the visitor in here hop it, and wait for the signal - and be ready for your part of the real thing. (near the door)

(Goes over, pats Bob on shoulder) Do your bit to-day, young party, and help me to put this thing over and F.F. will never forget it, nor will you.

BOB. (looks up)

It won't be for want of trying, sir. (Exit R)

(Fitz lights cigarette and throws himself into his chair chuckling).

FITZ.

Never talk to me of being daring again. Here am I, lying with my army in ambush, to capture by force of sheer ability and originality the keenest theatrical manager of the day - Old methods are no good for his sort, I had to dig up something quite out of the ordinary so I got his promise as the result of hot arguments to come here to-day, Sunday, and let me "put my comedy before him" He expects me to read it to him, but he little knows how literally those words are going to be fulfilled. It's going to be put before him in a way he little expects - for above all he always keeps a promise. It's up to me now to handle it right: with the help of the loyalist staff a man ever had. Instead of laughing at a business man thinking he could ever produce a musical comedy, they not only help as he suggests but do so wonderfully well. Quite enough for my purposes.

(Rises and speaks decidedly)



FITZ. (Contd)

Well, if it comes off, they'll never regret or forget it. Never, (knock) And we'll soon know now.

(Bob opens door. Enter Mr. Higdee who strides towards Fitz, who meeting him, shakes hands)

FITZ.

Thanks for coming, Mr. Hughdee: but I knew your reputation. You never break a promise.  
(sits down)

HUGHDEEF

I try not to break my promises Ferguson, : but some folk construe anything into a promise.

FITZ.

Well, I won't, so we'll get this straight. You promised to hold yourself free here this morning for me to "put my play before you".

HUGH.

I did, and I stand to it - so do your worst.

FITZ.

I hope as a result to prove that Australians can and will appreciated Australian craftsmanship.

HUGH.

I hope you win. If your piece is good enough it goes on - as a try - but I think it will be years yet before the Australian theatre loving public will accept Australian productions - no matter how good they are - in preference to importations.

FITZ.

I've written a Musical Comedy, including all the chorus work and vocal numbers, with ballets etc., and with a well defined plot running through the whole production. Now in every branch of Sport - Art - War, in fact in nearly everything that requires brain, brawn or speed, Australia has excelled. One, and one only thing has been neglected.

HUGH.

I'm interested. Tell me what we have missed.

FITZ.

Well then, in having to reply upon America, France and England for the bulk of our amusements.  
NO AUSTRALIAN HAS YET COMPOSED AND PRODUCED A MUSICAL COMEDY.

HUGH.

My boy, the public won't stand for it. They cheerfully pay up to 10/8 to see alleged English and American stars, not because the artists are great but because they are imported.

FITZ.

Have you ever tried the idea ?

HUGH.

N-no.

FITZ.

Well I've brought you here to-day to put my Musical Comedy before you, written and composed by Australians, and I hope after you have had it put before you, to be played by Australians.

HUGH.

Well if your music and lyric are not too bad, I'm ready for the fray.

FITZ.

Some members of my staff are in the next room, preparing for a rehearsal of the opening chorus. May I start them.

HUGH.

Yes. Let 'em all come, though this is the first time I've ever put in a Sunday morning listening to amateurs bawling the virgin stuff of a Would-be playwright.



FITZ. (aside) He's got a bigger surprise than that coming (aloud)  
I don't think it will cause you any loss of sleep  
to-night. (calls "COOEE")

Enter girls, dressed in Bank skirt overalls. Men in  
morning dress, a la city clerks. Bob and Bess centre.

FITZ. Ladies, and Gentlemen, let me introduce Mr. Hughdee,  
a friend of mine, anxious to hear some of the music  
I have been boasting about. Mr. Hughdee-- my staff.  
(Hughdee bows)

HUGH. Delighted! (turning to Fitz.) Smart looking crowd!  
You make me want to buy a partnership. I can see I'm  
in for a fine braw Sabbath. If they're as good as they  
look, you win.

FITZ. Right, then, You and I will go off stage and listen to  
their chorus just to give you a rough idea of what is  
to follow (He leads Hughdee off) (turns and says)  
Now then, my bright warblers, get busy.

"OPENING CHORUS".

This is a fine sparkling number  
Stoneham has the word all bright  
Crisp Australian matter starting

In Wool, In Meat & even Wheat  
We've shown the World we're hard to  
beat  
So why can't we  
at Comedy &



After Opening Chorus. Staff retire.

FITZ and HUGHDEE enter.

HUGHDEE. (laughing) Fine! Fine! Fine! That was good. Can you continue up to sample.

FITZ. I can - provided you'll let me "put it before ~~me~~ you" the same way.

HUGHDEE. (surprised) What, more singing?

FITZ. Yes, the whole thing. Spoken lines, solos, duets, choruses, complete. I've had my staff slaving for six weeks to be ready for this morning. They're all amateurs, but they'll give you some idea. Now, may I go ahead? That's putting it before you, isn't it?

HUGHDEE. You get me trapped!! Still I've had many a worse experience and can still raise a gun - Go ahead, my Australian Geo. Cohen.

FITZ. All's well then, and as none of them may be nervous in your august presence, I suggest that you sit in this anteroom and watch the rehearsal from end to end.

HUGHDEE. I will my boy, and I honestly think I'll enjoy it, for I already admire your original methods. But - A Musical Comedy with a plot! Oh, Boy, have a heart!! The things not done.

FITZ. The plot is written around my own damned silly Xmas name, which was foisted on me by my old Uncle Morgold, who's worth millions.

HUGH. Money covers a multitude of sins.

FITZ. Mr. Hughdee, you are a big Australian. Whether my play wins or loses, I know that your decision will be fair and just. Now go in there -- cigars and whisky -- while I prepare for my part.

HUGH. Are you in this?

FITZ. I'm the pivot of the whole damned thing.

HGH. Then I'll certainly enjoy myself. Go ahead. By the way, what's the name of the thing?

TZ. F- F- Fa

H. Don't stutter - you're nervous already. I said, what's the name of the play?

Z. And I told you. F. F. F.

i. But that's a fool of a name.

So much so, I'll bet you fifty gineas that you can't tell me what those three words stand for, though they are frequently mentioned at different times in the play.

Now you are talking! I'm on to that, and I'll take you. Now I'm sure to enjoy myself.

Now BOB, all ready?

(BOB puts head round corner)

CURTAIN FALLS

END OF PROLOGUE.



ACT 1.

Scene 1.

(Scene described at end of Prologue)

BOB. Guess this is one of the finest jobs a boy ever started  
his business career with. A comfortable office, a smart  
Boss, who expects you to put some pep into your work,  
and you do it somehow, for him - and best of all,  
a bonza lot of lively pretty girls,  
I'll say that for the Boss, he's some judge of pretty  
girls.

The men callers here are useful too. They keep me busy-  
and they also keep me in pocket money.

It's a great life - the life of an office boy.

Gives Monologue "The Office Boy".

THE OFFICE BOY'S MONOLOGUE.

(To slow music)

An Office Boy hears lots of things  
And learns to hold his tongue,  
Of big things he can pull the strings,  
If not too highly strung  
The typistes all confide in him  
He knows their every fault  
Sometimes they try to pull his limb  
And on his - back - put salt.

He wisely smiles when lovers call  
He coughs and looks aside  
He knows them all - the short the tall  
The thin ones - and the wide  
They always strive his help to win  
He winks "the other eye"  
Accepts their small change with a grin  
And keeps on "standing by"  
So that's the life - the office life  
The boys live over here  
The boss' buzzer jangles on  
He turns his deafest ear



(Contd)

He has his favourite cigarette  
 And loves the picture screen  
 Eats all the ice cream he can get,  
 And spends his every bean

Who would not be an office boy  
 In such a place as this  
 Where every one is full of joy  
 And girls all love a kiss  
 My job is one that many seek  
 When once they've seen our girls  
 But not for four pounds ten a week  
 Would I desert those pearls.

And dance, my hat ! They do dance well  
 And always something new  
 No Jazz or Fox, but Merry Hell  
 Are those they like to do  
 The latest is the Aussie Glide  
 The best I've ever heard  
 A new one is the Diggers Slide  
 With movements quite absurd  
 But give me the Aussie Glide  
 The best I've ever heard.

SINGS:-**"AUSSIE GLIDE"**

These's a dance come to town  
 That is gripping my heart  
 Took a chance, got it down  
 And I'm going to start  
 It's the real dinkydie  
 Easy done if you try  
 All you want's a girlie by your side  
 Yankee rags pass away  
 Like a ship on the sea  
 But the new one will stay  
 You can take it from me  
 Shimmie Shakes and Jazzes  
 They will disappear,



(Contd)

3.

For the Aussie Glide is here

CHORUS.

You don't rag, but you drag,  
Round and round  
Till you're fagged and just tag  
To the ground  
First you jump, with a thump  
To the right  
With a girl you can twirl  
All the night  
For a while, she will smile  
By your side  
Then she'll float, like a boat  
On the tide  
Aussie music is grand,  
She'll be squeezing your hand  
When you're dancing the Aussie Glide.

Girls and boys find it joys  
You'll be doing it now  
Get the craze, while it stays  
And I'm showing you how  
From the East to the West  
Of them all it is best  
Everybody wants to do it now  
Musica grand from the Band  
And a million of lights  
Make it seem like a dream  
Of Arabian nights,  
She will hug you closer  
Want to be a bride  
When you dance that Aussie Glide.

ENTER THE SIX STENOGRAPHERS WITH THEIR BOYS - who, watch him and recognise the piece, decide to join in the dancing and the singing of the chorus. Repeat chorus.

At the finish, one of the girls Bess, says:-

BESS.

Now boys, off you go. It's twenty to nine, and at nine o'clock the office doors open and business begins and we want to go through our chorus song for to-nights concert before then.



F. F. F.

BOB. (turns to men) Why go? You can hear them and still have time to clear before Miss Hastings comes. She's always here at 8 minutes to 9 - and believe me - them girls are worth listening to in their item (turns to girls) Let 'em stay Bess.

BESS. (sings to other girls, who nod) Alright then but no interruptions! You promise?

MEN (together) Yes, except to join in the chorus.

BESS. You sillies, you too Bob, you couldn't make a chorus without knowing our words.

BOB (grinning) Right O, me too, but I'll bet five bob we get something in that sounds like a chorus - Leave it to me, I've heard this before.

Girls sit at tables and tap machines, and sing the Stenographers' Sextette (Bell chorus) Bells attached to type machines specially fitted to keep in time.

"THE STENOGRAPHERS SEXTETTE"

Number 1 I am stenographer number one,  
The hardest work by me is done,  
Number 2. Except what's done by number two,  
It's awful hard to do  
Nos 3& 4. But though we're numbered three and four,  
We're just the type the men adore,  
Nos 5&6. But we are wise to all their tricks,  
And known as numbers five and six.

REFRAIN. In us six able girls you see,  
Exponents of stenography,  
From nine till five,  
We all do strive,  
To speed the typing key.  
Just six stenogs in business togs,  
But on us you can bet,  
We've got the speed, that's all you need,  
In a smart stenog. Sextette.

BOYS. And I've come to see you girlie,  
I want you to take this note from me,  
1st time alone (biz. at typewriters)  
Dear one, how I love you,  
I offer you my heart, offer you my heart.  
second time Oh dear one I love you to marry me, marry me,  
Off on a honey-moon, let it be soon,  
with You've got the speed, that's all I need,  
In a smart stenog. sextette.

GIRLS. So please go 'way, for I've much to do,  
I really have no time for you,  
1st time To flirt I'd hate, so please dictate,  
I've lots of work to do.  
tacit. (biz at typewriters)  
Oh, do you mean this note for me,  
For if you do you're much too free,  
Beware the Boss is coming now,



"THE STENOGRAPHERS SEXTETTE"(Contd)

So you will have to part from me,  
In us six able girls you see,  
Exponents of stenography  
From nine till five,  
We all do strive,  
To speed the typing key,  
Just six stenogs., in business togs,  
But on us you can bet,  
We've got the speed, that's all you need,  
In a smart stenog sextette.

-----



BOB. (claps enthusiastically) Good O, some item - the house tonight will all want to know where you work.

BOB. (turns to men) So-long gents. (stands at door and received tip from each - as they pay + grins) This chorus practice every morning would be a gold mine for me - I must encourage more concerts - (To girls) Now girls - hop it - with your machines, into your own room and I'll bring your tables. I don't want the Boss or Miss Hastings to know of this furniture removal in the early morning.

(Girls take hold of machines - ready to go.)

BESS. Miss Hastings wouldn't mind. She's a sport, tho' she does work so hard. She's singing at our concert herself -

(Miss Hastings enters unseen - and hears this speech).

BOB. (astounded) She is - Mr Hat. I'd like to hear her sing.

MISS HASTINGS. (laughs heartily) So you shall Bob, so you shall, You've brought the punishment on your own head.

BOB (horror stricken, stammers) Oh! Miss Hastings, I'm sorry -

MISS HASTINGS. Nothing to be sorry for, Bob, (pats his shoulder). Office hours don't start till 9, and I came earlier than usual this morning for a purpose. (turns to girls) Good morning Girls!

GIRLS. Good Morning.

MISS HASTINGS (points to machines) I guess you girls have been doing what I came to do - Rehearsing for to-night?

BESS. Yes, Miss Hastings,

Miss HASTINGS. Well there's a coincidence - I came here this morning to ask you if you'd mind hearing me thru' my own item.

BESS (delightedly) Oh! can we ?

MISS HASTINGS. If you will put up with it. I wrote it myself, and I'm nervous as to whether it's



MISS HASTINGS (Contd)

good enough. but Mr. Ferguson's play-writing must be infectious I think.

BOB.

How infectious, Miss Hastings?

Miss H.

Well, I've typed so many songs and speeches for him that everything runs to a metre for me now (turns to girls) Sit down, girls, and listen to the torture of "His Darned Old Den". (they sit).

BESS.

"His Darned Old Den", why! that's what F.F. calls his office.

MISS H.

That's so, and that explains the name. You remember Bessie asking me the other day why I never gave up business - and why I loved my work so much?

BESS.

Yes -

MISS H.

That gave me the idea. It set me thinking and now I'll tell you why, so that this song is really due to you.

"HIS DARNED OLD DEN"

1st verse. I started as his office girl, when I was sweet sixteen, <sup>ful</sup>  
The first week I was in a whirl, and wished I'd never seen,  
His darned old den, but somehow then I grew to like the post,  
And when He'd sing, his books I'd bring, twas then I liked him most.  
I then became his typiste when my age was eighteen quite,  
And up to then I'd not been kissed, tho' often back at nights  
But now I am his private sec., and he's my best of pals,  
For sometimes he just kisses me, but still we're only pals:

REFRAIN. In his darned old den, I loved well then, I love it better now  
It cast a spell, I know it well, that thrills me still, I vow  
Of all the happy memories, that come within my ken,  
The sweetest I remember is his Darned Old Den.

2nd verse overleaf

- - -







MISS H. My word girls! It's nearly nine, and we've got <sup>to</sup> be business women again - (goes into office, runs the roller of top desk up, arranges blotter, puts chair straight, then takes off hat. Pins on rack in corner R., and comes down to desk. sits and opens mail on the desk)

IN NEXT ROOM.

BESS (low voice) Well, isn't that a surprise? I always knew she was bright, but she's a DEAR. Come on girls, fly. (They go off, machines in hand - Bob follows with tables - two a time - and returns for the others)

MISS H. continues to open mail - puts some on F's table - pins others together - Bob continues to take tables off, and then returns and sits in his room, writing.

MISS H. Some things going to happen to-day. I feel it. The whole day is different somehow. It starts differently. I'm always happy, but to-day there's a song in my heart.

ENTER FITZ. Bob rises and opens door into F's room - Fitz saying happily. Good morning Bob, (passes thru' to his room).

BOB. (goes to desk) Some Boss, that -

FITZ. (at desk, about to sit) Good morning - Florrie - You look prettier than ever to-day.

MISS H. Now F.F. There's tons of work for you to do there (indicates) without telling me what I know already!

FITZ. Well, there's conceit for you. (laughs, sorts out papers, pushes buzzer. Bob comes in)

FITZ. Now Bob, give this pile of M.S. to Bessie and tell her to distribute it amongst the six of them, and I want it finished by lunch - (Bob going) remember, by lunch. (Bob at door) And say, Bob!

BOB. Yes, sir,



FITZ. (Contd) <sup>N</sup> The go to the Post Office, and get these two registered letters, (holds out card - Bob comes back) Put some pep into your step, young man. (Bob hurries out).

FITZ. (turns to Miss H.) Now look here Flo'. Come over here. (she sits at chair near his desk, book and pencil in hand) Put those down - I want to drop business this morning - I want to talk musical comedy.

MISS H. Whatever you say sir, (mock politely)

FITZ. You little witch !! Now I want you to tell me frankly what you think of the play I've just finished - You dodged the question last night - Now I want it "straight from the shoulder".

MISS H. (seriously). You know F.F. I'm as keen on your success in that as you are - You've succeeded in everything else you've tried in business or athletics, and I want you to succeed in this too (hesitates)

FITZ. Well - go on - with your but - I can see it coming,

MISS H. Very well, I will. But I still think you'd strengthen it very much if you introduced an English Dude into it.

FITZ. (rises angrily) Hang it, Florrie, we've had that out before. Here am I - a husky young Australian - punished with a Christian name like Fitzwilliam - which makes me positively HATE all thoughts of a dude - I want to punch them on sight - Why, my dear girl, you know I've missed some good business deals thro' having no patience with some of those "haw-haw young melons" who come in here.

MISS H. (laughs) I know, I know, and I also knew how you would fly off at a tangent at what I said, but you asked for my opinion, and you've got it (hesitates) and it's



MISS H. (Contd) true too.

FITZ. (sits and takes desk angrily)

It may be - but if it is, the play stays as it is -

I simply will not introduce a dude by word or action, by inference or suggestion.

MISS H. (rises huffily) Very well, F.F. I'm sorry (goes towards desk)

My idea of a good day vanishes in smoke. (sits)

FITZ. (comes over, hands on her shoulders) There, there, Flo',

steady up. I'm not cross, but you handed me a nasty jolt just when it hurts. That being so, we'll tackle stern business again.

MISS H. (brightly) Right, I'm ready, I want to work like lightening this week, I feel equal to it.

(ENTER BOB WITH TWO LETTERS KNOCKS AT F.F.s DOOR)

FITZ. Come in,

( BOB ENTERS HANDS ONE LETTER TO FITZ AND ONE TO MISS H)

FITZ. (looks surprised) One for you Flo' and one for me - thats funny.

MISS H. Mine's from Mother - I know her writing.

FITZ. Mine's from solicitors, their seal is on eht back - Tallboy and Shortun, Solicitors, (laughs) There's a humerous combination for you (open with letter cutting machine -reads)

MISS H also opens hers, and enclosure falls - she stoops and recovers it - reads)

MISS H. Oh! If I only could go !!

FITZ. (reading) Holy smoke ! Thunder and Lightning !! Blue Blazes !!!  
Well, I'm damned !!!!!

MISS H. (startled) F.F., what on earth's the matter (rises - comes over)

FITZ. The matter !! Oh nothing - just £10,000 a year and heir to millions - nothing - A mere nothing at all.

MISS H. (delighted - takes his hand) Oh F.F., how beautiful



FITZ. (kisses her) Flo' my dear, we'll celebrate this - sit down - just listen to this.

(stands and ready excitedly)

"So your uncle states if you fulfil his very simple condition, he will pay you £10,000 per year in quarterly cheques of £2500 and make you irrevocably his sole heir. His estate is worth at least £6,000,000 sterling."

MISS H. (claps hands) Wonderful - Oh! Fitz, I am so glad, but what is the condition?

FITZ. That's where the catch comes in. Listen (reads)  
"To have the condition clearly and consisely explained you are to come to England at once to the address given hereunder - where we will call on you with full details. You are to cable us when starting, and also from Marseilles giving us date of arrival."

MISS H. To England (Sadly) Oh F.F. (recollects, rises, rushes to her table - comes back. He sits head in hand) F.F., my dear, here is my letter It's from Mother in England asking me to go to her and come back here with her - and enclosing a draft for the expenses.

FITZ. (dazed) Your Mother - You're leaving me (springs up excitedly) You're not - Why England!!!! We'll go together, and when we get there I'll make a very important suggestion to your mother (both hands on her shoulders)

MISS H. Oh, can we really?

FITZ. Why, of course we can and will. Leave it to me. We'll shake old England up - between us - my Private Sec and I. We'll forget all about play writing and business and we'll make some plans for real Life.

(pulls roller of desk down - throws letter in air - clasps her - and they sing "We feel fine")



"WE FEEL FINE"

FITZ. I've just received a letter,  
I've never had a better,  
So Fitz feels fine,  
FLO. And I've had one from Mother,  
We'll soon see one another,  
So Flo feels fine,  
FITZ. If when upon the sea,  
It doesn't quite agree with me,  
Will Fitz feel fine,  
FLO. My darling if you're sick,  
Just send for me, I'll hurry quick,  
Then you'll feel fine.

REFRAIN.

FITZ. Fitz feels fine,  
Flo feels fine,  
BOTH. We'll sail the seas together,  
We will brave the stormy weather,  
We feel fine, fine, fine, fine,  
Side by side we'll pace the deck,  
I will guard my Private Sec.,  
BOTH. Don't care if the ship's a wreck,  
For we feel fine.

FITZ. It will be really funny,  
To handle so much money,  
So Fitz feels fine,  
FLO. And I will keep you to it,  
I'll also help you "blew it",  
So Flo feels fine.

FITZ. My change of luck is fine,  
And oh, to think its really mine,  
Makes Fitz feel fine,  
FLO. With me to help you share it,  
Dear I think we both will hear it,  
So Flo feels fine.

FITZ. Fitz feels fine,  
Flo feels fine,  
BOTH. We will do great things together,  
But we'll tire of foggy weather,  
We feel fine, fine, fine, fine,  
When to Aussie we return,  
For our hearts are sure to yearn,  
For the Wattle Trees and fern,  
So we feel fine.

--- --- --- ---

DANCE COMES IN HERE AND AFTER DANCE REPEAT  
LAST FOUR BARS SECOND CHORUS  
TO FINISH.



FITZ. (at finish of duet)

Bob! (pushes puzzer)

ENTER BOB

FITZ. (to Bob hands on his shoulders) Bob, my bright eyed youth, you're on a holiday and so are all the others (hands to pockets) Tell Bess and the girls and the office staff that business is off for the day. Clear out. Enjoy yourselves, and here's a tenner to hit up the high spots. Tell them F.F. is a millionaire tell them anything. Out you go, you young villian.

(EXIT BOB RUNNING.)

FITZ. (to Flo)

Come on Flo, out we go and get ready.

(EXIT HAPPILY.)

(ENTER BOB BESS AND FIVE GIRLS.)

BOB. (waves tenner) But I tell you he did give me this, said he was a millionaire and we were to have a holiday. Say Bess, this afternoon we'll all go to "The Aussie Glide" matinee.

BESS (superior tones) Bob, don't be silly, Girls, we'll go and hear Caruso in "Sola Mio"

BOB (sarcastically) Caruso! spend this tenner to hear that tenor. Have a heart Bess. We want to enjoy ourselves.

BESS. Have you heard Caruso?

BOB. No, thank the Lord, and I'm not going to, and I've GOT THE CASH. (waves tenner)

ENTER THE MEN.

FIRST MAN Mr. Ferguson saw us outside and said you might want us.

BOB. He's a sport. We do. We've got a tenner to spend and want to start it with a matinee. I say "Aussie Glide", she (points to Bess) says Caruso (disgustedly) what do you say?

MEN TOGETHER. "Aussie Glide"

GIRLS TOGETHER. "Sola Mio".

BESS. What nonsense. I'll sing you the piece and then you'll know what I'm taking about.



BOB. If you do we'll sing in opposition to you. Won't we gents?

MEN. We will.

BESS. You sing? Come on then. Help me girls.

"SOLA MIO RAZZLE DAZZLE"

*This is an "opportunity" chorus number*

*The girls singing Grand Opera Tunes*

*The men harmonising with Aussie Slide*

*Music Call & other J J J music*

*A sure winner*



SING ME THAT SONG

A.

1st Verse.

Honey! I've been to hear Caruso;  
He sang a song that got me strong.  
Oh! honey, I cheered, and I simply had to do so,  
The tune it grew so, upon the throag.  
You've got to hear that song; it isn't long,  
But full of beauty. Your attitude is wrong;  
To hear it through is but your duty.

Refrain.

It makes me queer, there comes a tear  
Where'er I hear that melody,  
And all the time, I think it's fine,  
I know they wrote that song for me.  
In Italy I'd like to be,  
Watching ripples on the sea  
The whole night long, and hear you sing  
That pretty thing, while fond hearts cling:  
Sing me that song.

2nd Verse.

Honey, must you always sing in ragtime?  
For if you do, right now, I'm through.  
Oh! honey, please stop,  
Or I'll surely have to glide mine;  
The way I'm feeling, it's got me too;  
I want to sway; I'm going gay;  
I'm "tutti-frutti" - I don't know what to say,  
I only know this song's a beauty.



SING ME THAT SONG

B.

1st Verse.

Let me hear the Aussie Glide,  
That peculiar slippery slide,  
Or the pretty Wattle Waltz,  
It has no imported faults;  
Oh! sweetheart!  
Or the ringing Magic Call,  
Thrills the country, one and all;  
Everywhere around the world, they are singing it,  
And even in Germany, they know it one and all.  
Little girl, I used to sing in ragtime -  
You've often heard me sing a rag;  
Not it gets me on a jag;  
Yankee rags are in a bag;  
Only Aussie Melodies, I love them;  
Yes, they're good enough for me;  
What are you going to do about a little melody -  
I sing in a different key.

Gee! I'd rather do the Diggers whirl,  
With a dainty little girl;  
Never do the tickle toe,  
For it's out of date, and very slow;  
For now you've got me calling "Coo-ee"  
That belongs to me and you -ee.  
Hear me doing it; you'll be doing it,  
Every time you think of me.  
Never want to go to Italy;  
It's too dreary there for me.  
You'd be better off, I think, in old Hong-Kong,  
Where the music all is wrong;  
And listen to me, I'll make your shoulders see-saw;  
What do you want to make those eyes at me for:  
Sing "OMEO, OMEO", sing me that song.

2nd Verse.

Can't resist that Omeo;  
Seems to get me on the go:  
Florrie, Florrie, come along,  
Won't you sing an Aussie song.  
Oh! sweetheart, cut it out,  
And do the whirl,  
If you want to be my girl.  
Foreign music makes me sore,  
Let it go and shut the door:  
If you stop it you will be a little pearl.  
If you'll only come around to my way, Flo',  
I will let you have a kiss -  
Digger kisses, full of bliss;  
It's a kiss you shouldn't miss.  
All the world is singing Aussie music;  
Rags have got to go away;  
Everybody's got to dance the Wattle Waltz a bit,  
To drive all their troubles away.



ACT 2

1.

Scene is a furnished apartment. Curtain rises, showing Mrs. Patchwork on stage, having a box of cigars in one hand resting on a liquer stand on the table R.

MRS PATCH. Well, this is the first time such things has ever bin in my house; but needs must where money drives. The deaf old gent who called yesterday was so set on having these two things that there was no denying him (unearths purse from hidden parts of her dress) He seemed to have plenty of money too, and wasn't afraid to spend it. (opens purse and lovingly counts coins)

MAGGIE (comes up softly) Oh!!

MRS PATCH. (startled) You terrible girl. What is the matter?

MAGGIE. (limping) I-I-I trod on anail or something.

MRS PATCH. Well what do you want ?

MAGGIE. A young gentleman is at the door, mum.

MRS PATCH. Well, you tidy up here, while I go and see him. Look sharp now.  
(exit Mrs Patch. door L.)

MAGGIE. (opens cigar box) Oh my!! My Robert would like some of these. Guess one or two wouldn't be missed. (takes and counts aloud six, and carefully wraps them up and shuts the box) The young gent at the door looks as if he's an "A oner". I wonder if he is any relation to the old deaf fellow who called yesterday. Done up to the nines, he was, but as deaf as could be, and whenever you tried to make him hear, he would say "Don't shout, keep cool". Not that he wasn't free with his money. Gave me half-a-crown for doing nothing. That's more than Mrs. Crosspatch does.

(Fitz's voice outside. Maggie startled. Places cigars under her armpits and with other hand dusts furniture)

ENTER FITZ door L dressed and full of vigour (sees Maggie)

FITZ. Ah! my dear, busy dusting?  
cheekily

MAGGIE. No, sir, I'm skating.

FITZ. Naughty girls must be punished (kisses her)  
(darting away)

MAGGIE. Oh sir, I'll tell Mrs Crosspatch.

FITZ. Is that her name? Jolly appropriate. But look my dear, you must not be annoyed over nothing. You're the first English girl I've kissed.

MAGGIE (sneers) Oh sir, is that true?

FITZ. (after slight pause)  
I only arrived from Australia this morning. (laughs and moves toward table).

MAGGIE. (going to door)  
Oh well, that's alright sir, You're the first Australian who ever kissed me. (pausing) I don't know what my Robert would say.

FITZ. Oh! so there is a Robert. Is he a bobby?



MAGGIE (indignantly) No sir, he's a footman and a real good man (at door)  
He's not very well eddicated, and a little ignorant  
but he's taught me a lot.

FITZ. (laughing) I've no doubt he has. Well remember me to Robert.  
By the way my dear, what's your surname?

MAGGIE. (proudly) Smith, sir,

FITZ. A common name! The only thing that is common about  
you, my dear.

MAGGIE. I'm proud of my name, sir, and what is more, I can  
change it to Mrs. Battle any day I want to.

FITZ. Bravo! I wish I was as proud of my Christian name  
Fitzwilliam as she is of her surname Smith.

MAGGIE SINGS. "My name's Smith".

"MY NAME 'S SMITH" by MAGGIE.

Smiths a common name they say,  
Hear it everywhere all day,  
Tin-smith, black-smith, gold-smith too,  
Maggie Smith is telling you,  
That no hyphen and no E,  
Alters her to Smythe, you see,  
Smith, plain Smith, she still remains,  
Till a husband Maggie gains,

REFRAIN.

My name's Smith, so is Ma's,  
Eleven little brothers and they're all jack tars,  
And of girls there's quite a lot,  
Mother says she'll have to get a larger cot,  
Twenty seven Smiths is the family,  
The trip-lets how they roar,  
Father joined the army,  
Now he's going balmy,  
Learning how to try and form four.

Smith sounds very good to me,  
Good as hyphen Smythe could be,  
Smith, Brown, Jones, and Robinson,  
All create a lot of fun,  
But right here in me you see,  
Smith, as proud as proud can be,  
With the knowledge just the same,  
Scores of men would change my name,

2nd REFRAIN.

My name's Smith, So is Ma's,  
Eleven little brothers and they're all jack tars,  
And of girls there's quite a lot,  
Mother says she'll have to get a larger cot,  
Twenty seven Smiths in the family,  
And we're expecting more,  
ther joined the army,  
he's going balmy,  
ning how to try'n form fours.

- - - - -



Continued from "Smiths my name"

After the song, Maggie goes off, and Fitz enters. He catches sight of the cigars and liquer. He strides over to them, and helping himself, soliloquises:

FITZ. Talk about puzzles! Was ever a chap so much at sea as I am? That sounds Irish, seeing that I'm what is called a land lubber; but was ever a young innocent so surrounded by mystery? I get a letter giving me two days notice to leave Australia for England. The letter is signed by the solicitors for Uncle Morgold, whose will, unfortunately is my law, and has to be obeyed. The promises given, without details, are enough to make a man do anything short of murder. Get to Port Said and receive a letter, saying the directly I land in England I am to come instantly to this place and await a visit from my Uncles solicitors. The old chap is very much alive, so what he wants to drag solicitors in for at this stage, I'm hanged if I know. Time enough for that when he hands in his checks. (Ruminates a little) Old Uncle Joseph has been the bane of my existence. It was at his expense commands that the name of "Fitzwilliam" was endowed upon me. Do I look like a Fitzwilliam? Do I possess a single qualification for the name? What the old chap's object is, or has been, or will be, I can't imagine: But I suppose a multi-millionaire can have his fads and fancies for nothing, while we poor devils would see the inside of an asylum if we conducted ourselves in half as mad a fashion. Hello! who's this? Ah! a fair damsel - fairly ~~fat~~ fair, fairly fat, and fully forty.

MRS Patchwork enters door R.

MRS PATCHWORK. Have you everything you require, sir?

FITZ. (politely) Yes thank you, Mrs. Crosspatch.

MRS PATCHWORK. Sir!!!!!!

FITZ. (confused) I beg your pardon - what is the matter?

MRS PATCH (dignified) My name is "Patchwork".

FITZ. (aside) She looks that part also. (aloud) I'm very sorry, I must have misread my letter. (aside) I'll have to give that girl another kiss for this.

MRS PATCH. (haughtily) Very well, sir, I accept your apology.

FITZ. (aside) She does, by Jove, how good of her. (aloud) that's alright, Mrs. Crosspatch, (nervously) I really am so sorry Mrs. Workpatch - I mean Mrs Patchwork.

(exit Mrs Patchwork door R. in indignant haste, head up.)

FITZ (looking at paper) They say one should keep friendly with the cook I hope for the sake of my appetite, that yon elderly widow deutes those duties to other members of the household, or I'll be qualifying for the part of living skeleton.

Enter Maggie door L.

MAGGIE.

Two gentlemen to see you sir. Here's their card.  
(hands their card to him dodges his attempt to catch her and exits door L.)

FITZ. (calls after her)

Next time young woman, (reads) Messrs. Tallboy & Shortun, Solicitors. Both of them eh? They come not in single file but in battalions. Oh! By Jove, now we have it. (he hastily drinks glass of B & S and tries to look at ease.)

MAGGIE LAUGHING USHERS IN TALLBOY AND SHORTUN.



FITZ. (Looking at them aside)

Whoever names these fellows had a good idea of predestination. (aloud) Come right in, my dear sirs. Sit down, by all means. Each motions the other to sit. each waits. fitz amused.)

BOTH TOGETHER. We've come, my dear sir, -----

TALLBOY (turning to Shortun) You tell him.

SHORTUN. Well, you start.  
(after hesitation)

BOTH TOGETHER. (as they sit) We've come, my dear sir, -----

FITZ. Yes, I see that, (aside) This is really a partnership affair; can't dissolve.

TALLBOY. You see, my dear sir, its this way.

FITZ. (breaks in) First of all tell me whether you are charging my Uncle for the job as a whole, or by the time it takes.

BOTH (wroth) I don't understand you sir,

FITZ. Well, will a few minutes more or less make any difference to my Uncle's bill?

BOTH (after consultation) Oh!! No sir.

FITZ. Then in that case we'll take our time.

(Fitz reaching for drinks, turns to Tallboy)

FITZ. Have a drink?

TALLBOY. No thanks, I never drink in business hours.

FITZ. (turning to Shortun) Will you have a drink?

SHORTUN. Thanks, (takes a drink)

FITZ. (aside) A dissolution of partnership this time.

(handing cigars to Tallboy Shortun)

Have a cigar?

SHORTUN. No thanks, I never smoke in business hours,

FITZ. (aside) How good of him. (aloud to Tallboy) Have a cigar?

TALLBOY. Thanks. (takes one - lights it)

FITZ. (laughs heartily) Another dissolution, this is certainly a two-party government. (continues laugh loudly)

BOTH. Why sir, what's amusing you?

FITZ. You'll excuse me, I'm sure, but you remind me of Jack Sprat and his wife who kept the platter clean. (serious) I'm alright now, so fire ahead.

SHORTUN. (aside to Tallboy) I can't say he's very dignified.

TALLBOY. " " SHORTUN) I think he's decidedly too free.

SHORTUN. " " Tallboy) Well you start.

TALLBOY. " " Shortun) No, you.

SHORTUN. (after pause) Well Mr. Ferguson, we've come to you from your Uncle.

TALLBOY. (breaks in) Who is very considerate regarding your well fare.

SHORTUN (hurt, to him) I thought you said I was to tell him?

TALLBOY. (injured to him) Oh! well, go on.

(sitting between them, turns from one to the other, following the dialogue)

SHORTUN. Your Uncle, Mr. Joseph Morgold -----

TALLBOY (quickly) Who is a very valued client -----

SHORTUN. (quicker) And who gave us some -----

TALLBOY. Very explicit instructions -----

SHORTUN. About your future -----

FITZ. (breaks in) Just a minute, steady up. This is too much like a cerial story to please me. Let us have collaboration by all means, but one chapter at a time. (turning to Tallboy.) You start the ball rolling with chapter one.

(both look shocked and annoyed)

TALLBOY. Your Uncle, -----

FITZ. Oh! can't you get past my Uncle?

TALLBOY. Give me time.

FITZ. (aside) Six months' hard would be little enough.

TALLBOY. Your Uncle - (Fitz give it up)



himself to listen, smoking meanwhile)  
Mr, Joseph Morgold is exceedingly wealthy, and if fact, possesses some millions of pounds sterling---  
And you are ----  
Now you're speaking out of your turn.  
(Shortun very amazed) Give our short brother a chance to finish his chapter.  
It certainly looks as if these millions will come to you if you are willing to carry out certain wishes he has in regard to your future. He has, as you know, always taken a keen interest in you.  
Too blessed much, worse luck.  
And now he wishes to come to a perfect understanding, which will conclusively decide -----  
Just a minute, our worthy friend looks as if he will have an apoplectic stroke if he can't chip in. Suppose we call that Chapter I, and our friend here can continue the admirable narrative. (to Tallboy) Don't get annoyed. Your turn will come again. (aside) This is too good to miss (smokes casually)  
He told us to tell you, if you would obey his wishes he will allow you £50,000 per year and make you irrevocably his heir.  
Fitz. (jumps up amazed) What! Holy snakes! They'll have to be funny wishes to be defied at that figure. (to Shortun) Allow me to congratulate you sir, your future as an author is assured. You get to the climax quickly and surely. (sits) (to both) Now, out with your conditions.  
You see -----  
No, no, one at a time. Let me think. (thinks - hand to head) Ah! It's your turn (to Tallboy)  
Well, you probably know that it was at his wish you were called "Fitzwilliam" -----  
I should rather think I did.  
He had good reasons for doing it.  
Although I like your style best, I will have to caution you. It is his chapter. (indicates Tallboy)  
His one idea is to make you a real aristocrat.  
He must have funny ideas about the aristocracy.  
Well your Christian name is -----  
What did I tell you? (Shortun subsides)  
That is why he had you educated at the best college in Australia, and why he paid all your fees.  
Don't make a song about it. (to Shortun) You have a go at it.  
Now he makes a definite offer, which we are employed to close on his account if you are agreeable.  
You said that before. Full steam ahead! But first of all, make it clear to me, beyond mistake, which is Tallboy and which is Shortun.

DUET

"THE LONG AND SHORT OF IT"

BOTH. Tallboy now you see, Shortun, *I am he*  
S. I never smoke, *that is me,*  
T. I never drink,  
BOTH. Solicitors are we,  
Our names may be confusing,  
They're certainly amusing,  
But we act for Uncle Joseph, I and he.  
T. Mistakes, they aggravate,  
And they make us palpitate,  
BOTH. That's, the long and short of it, *I'm*  
T. Why can't people see I am I, and *you're not me,*  
BOTH. That's the long and short of it.  
T. Now just because I'm rather small,  
The people seem to think,  
That you are I, and *I'm not me, you're not you*  
It fairly makes me blink,  
It's easy, for I never smoke,



"THE LONG AND SHORT OF IT"

(Continued)

SB

S. And me, I never drink,  
BOTH. That's the long and short of it.

S. Keep both our names in mind,  
 And you then will easily find,  
BOTH. That's the long and short of it,  
SB I'm Tallboy all the while,  
T. I'm Shortun, I should smile,  
BOTH. That's the long and short of it.

T. I don't encourage joking,  
 I'm a member of the Bar,  
 You'll know that I am Tallboy,  
 By the scent of my cigars,  
S. You'll get the scent of whisky, if its  
 Shortun, there you are,  
BOTH. That's the long and short of it.

BOTH. We've brought some splendid news,  
 And to hear it don't refuse,  
 That's the long and short of it,  
 You'll handle lots of ~~amb~~ash,  
 With a most tremendous splash,  
 That's the long and short of it.  
 Your Uncle Joseph's little plan,  
 We're going to tell to you,  
 And though you smile a doubting smile,  
 You'll find the story true,  
 You'll only get his money - if -  
 Well certain things you do,  
 That's - the long and short of it.

- - - - -



FITZ.

SHORTUN.

FITZ.

TALLBOY.

FITZ.

SHORTUN (offended - quieter) I am not joking, young man. As a matter

FITZ. (dumfounded)

SHORTUN.

FITZ.

TALLBOY.

FITZ.

SHORTUN.

FITZ.

TALLBOY.

FITZ.

SHORTUN.

FITZ.

TALLBOY.

FITZ. (aside)

SHORTUN.

FITZ.

SHORTUN.

FITZ. (aside)

TALLBOY.

FITZ. (aside)

SHORTUN.

FITZ. (suddenly)

BOTH.

FITZ. (confused)

Fine! Fine! Fine! Now I understand! Now you can go ahead with your tragic conditions.

He stipulates that you must adopt the fashion of an acknowledged aristocrat (as you Uncle calls them); you must pronounce all your R's and double U's; you must wear high collars, and long cuffs; You must wear an eye-glass, and carry a cane.

Oh! come now! Be a dude? An English Johnny?

He is not joking.

How do you know? I'll caution you this time.

Give the long chap his chance. (Tallboy grins, Shortun looks annoyed)

I am not joking, young man. As a matter of fact you will have to be the very opposite to what you are now. You will have to appear tired and bored. You must be artificial instead of natural. Your attire must agree with your adopted character. You will find it far from a joke. You must -----

But, dash it all! This is past a joke! (despondently to Tallboy) Your turn. Pile on the agony. Don't spare me on any account. (aside) A real dude. Oh! Good Lord!

But I haven't finished my shapter.

Doesn't matter you've finished me. Now for the execution. Fire away! loud pedal.

Personally, I don't see any cause for a fuss. You have to play a part and behave as hundreds of men do; but you do it for millions of pounds, and they do it for lack of anything better.

And how long am I to keep this up?

That's the point.

I command you to silence! (Shortun subsides) (to Tallboy) Go on.

As long as he lives.

Good Lord, is that all? He's only fifty-five and as healthy as a non-smoker and a total adstainer rolled into one.

But think of the £50,000 a year.

I am thinking of it. Too much thinking will drive me mad. Besides (with an inspiration) what if I couldn't keep it up?

If your Uncle hears of a single lapse, the allowance stops and he leaves the capital sum to charity.

I'll bet 100 to 1 on Charity scooping the pool.

(aloud) How will he know?

He reserves the right to employ unlimited spies to detect you.

Here's a Job's Comforter. Isn't there an allowance for a beginner?

No, he's determined that you shall be an English Gentleman without delay.

Poor English Gentlemen, why libel them? (aloud)

You mean his idea of an English Gentleman

We're not saying he's right; but we're telling you his decision, which is definite and final.

I could sing the "Mikado" tunes all by myself.

Here's a pretty mess, state of things, and how-

de-do. (aloud) My friends would find out and think I had gone mad.

That was your Uncle's reason for bringing you to England, after spending all your life in Australia. It is very unlikely that anyone will know you here. What about Florrie?

Florrie !!!

I mean Miss Hastings. My Private Secretary, who came over with me on the steamer, and to whom I'm practically engaged. She'll think I'm a lunatic. No, I'm damned if I will. You can tell-----



SHORTUN. Wait a minute, my dear sir, -----  
TALLBOY (to him) Let me tell him this -----  
SHORTUN. No! this is fairly mine.  
FITZ. (impatiently) Oh! tell me half each, but get it over.  
TALLBOY. Well, he made one exception to the deception, and that was that a young lady could be let into the secret, provided she was not told before a week before your wedding with her.  
SHORTUN. His exact words were: "The da---young fool will be getting married some day, and his wife will have to know: but if he goes any further he'll lose the lot.  
FITZ. But what about her Mother, who I am to meet for the first time this morning?  
BOTH. There is no exception in her case.  
FITZ. Now, I ask you, as sensible men, how can a man keep such a thing as that from his Mother-in-law? Are you both married?  
BOTH. (dejectedly) Yes.  
FITZ. Well, don't be so sad about it. Better men than you have made the same mistake. But you can answer my question all the easier. What about my future Mother-in-Law?  
TALLBOY. That is your lookout, my dear sir.  
SHORTUN. Yes, there is no exception.  
(Fitz goes dejectedly up the stage, his back to the audience)  
TAL. to SHORT. He'll earn the lot, if he can deceive his Mother-in-Law.  
SHORT TO TALL. My opinion precisely.  
FITZ. (comes down) But, look here, I'm in a devil of a mess. Florrie - I mean Miss Hastings - and her Mother are to call on me this morning. I've never met the Mother, and she will put me down for a lunatic. (aside) And she won't be far wrong. What the blazes am I to do? (hopefully) How long have I got to decide?  
TALLBOY. Before we leave this room.  
FITZ. (crushed) Oh! this is too much. (hopefully) when does the score date from?  
SHORTUN. This very moment.  
FITZ. Euchred. Every trick trumped and the score "all but". What the deuce am I to do?  
TALLBOY. I should strongly counsel you to accept. £30,000 per year is not to be -----  
FITZ. Not to be sneezed at. I know, or I'd mightily quickly find words.  
SHORTUN. I'd advise you to get into practice, if you're to meet your fiancée and her Mother this morning.  
FITZ. Oh! Confound it. I forgot that. (looks at watch) Great Heavens! Let me get it by myself. Go! Tell my Uncle that I accept his absurd conditions; I challenge him to find me lapsing; and tell him I wish him joy in his silly trick. I wish the old fool were here now.  
(MAGGIE enters promptly door L.)  
MAGGIE. Mr. Morgold to see you sir.  
(Morgold enters. Tall. and Short rise obsequiously. Fitz looks astonished)  
MORGOLD. Ah! Here you are gentlemen. (looking at Fitz) So you are Fitzwilliam Ferguson, eh?  
FITZ TO TALL. Ask him if my speech is to be that of an Australian "yahoo" or that of a so called English aristocrat on this occasion.  
TALL. (TO MORGOLD) Your nephew has accepted your conditions.  
MORGOLD. (hand to ear) Eh!  
FITZ. (to SHORT) Deaf, is he?  
SHORTUN. Yes, through a mining explosion. The explosion that gave him his pile.  
FITZ. (sympathetically) Poor old chap! What rotten luck!  
(recollects) (aside) No, I mean, silly goat!  
TALLBOY. (shouts) He has accepted your conditions.  
MORGOLD. Don't shout. Keep cool. (pleased) so he's been sensible  
(Fitz sulks)  
SHORTUN. (comes over) He wants to know is he can speak to you to



MORGOLD. (takes out ear trumpet) Eh?

SHORTUN. (repeats in louder tones) Will he speak in his ordinary manner?

MORGOLD. Alright. Don't shout. Yes of course he can, but only this once. From to-day he must be an English Aristocrat, and my educated nephew. (goes to him) Well, Fitzwilliam, how are you?

FITZ. Dashed if I know. All of a heap.

MORGOLD. Hey?

FITZ. Confound it! (shouts) Not too slow.

MORGOLD. Don't shout, my boy. Keep cool. Are you going to settle down in London?

FITZ. (shouts) I suppose so.

MORGOLD. Don't shout my boy. Keep cool. That's alright, my boy. Mix with the blue blood. You'll be good enough for the best of them.

FITZ. (aside) And he's making me like the worst of them.

MORGOLD. Married?

FITZ. No; looks as if I soon will be.

MORGOLD. Eh!

FITZ. Soon will be.

MORGOLD. Ah! ah! (digs his ribs) remember the compact, my boy. I'll be watching you.

TALLBOY. (produces cheque book, motions to Morgold)

MORGOLD. Ah yes, something in advance. When are you going to be married?

FITZ. Looks as if it will be in a week.

MORGOLD. (chuckling) Young blood again. I'm a woman hater myself. Make that 72,000 (to Fitz) Your old Uncle is not mean. But remember our compact, my boy. Remember. (signs cheque book and hands to Fitz) Shake, my boy. (they shake. he heartily. Fitz casually) Cheer up, my boy, you're doing the right thing. Now you'll need to practice up. No lapses allowed; absolutely none. I've ordered new clothes to be sent you here. You'll find them in the bedroom, so get ready. Got your measurements from your Melbourne tailor. Pretty smart aren't I? (chuckles)

FITZ. What about the servants and the old dame? They'll notice the difference.

MORGOLD. Hey?

FITZ. Servants - old dame - notice the difference.

MORGOLD. Don't shout. Keep cool. They've got no brains. You'll never see them again. Move from here, and they'll never trouble you. That is why I choose such an out of the way place. I've engaged men servants for you and maids for your Australian home. They are to go back with you. There are plenty of them, but I'm footing the bill. Good-bye, my lad. (slaps him hard on the back. Fitz surprised. jumps back hurriedly. Morgold exits after saying good bye to lawyer) Come along Long and Short, we've got other fish to fry. (Tall & Short each grab for Fitz's hand. T gets left and S gets right. They shake these hands) We congratulate you sir, (exit door L.)

TALL & Short

FITZ. And we'll help you all we can. (Exeunt) L.)

The early Christian martyrs aren't in it with me. I'm due to entertain my sweetheart and her mother in ten minutes. One knows me as I am, the other doesn't know me at all. How the devil I'm going to get out of the mess I don't know. Oh! if only women would keep a secret. and there's his damned servants, who I'll bet are spies, and will report every movement I make. However, I am on the knees of the gods. Heaven grant that my fall is not too sudden or severe. (exit R) (enter Maggie, looking cautiously round. She spreads eagles herself in the arm chair L., and says.

MAGGIE.

Did you ever see such a collection of people in your born days. I never saw anything like them in my life. (yawns) I do feel tired. Old Lady Crosspatch has been very put out about something. Calls the young chap impudent. I wonder why? He certainly is cheeky; but he has a way with him. (yawns) (Enter Robert cautiously. R. looks around. Sees Maggie. Steals up to her) Now to win a tie. (kisses her)

ROBERT. (aside)



MAGGIE. (amazed) Oh! sir, (sees Robert) Oh! it's you, is it?  
ROBERT. Yes, who did you expect?  
MAGGIE. Never you mind. I've got a romance.  
ROBERT. You'll 'ave a black heye my lady if hi catch you hup ter yer tricks.  
MAGGIE. You great, silly, jealous thing. (goes up to him)  
 Is it cross? (pats his cheek)  
ROBERT. (pacified) Where's the missus?  
MAGGIE. In the kitchen. She's safe enough, and cross as two sticks.  
ROBERT. What's the matter?  
MAGGIE (importantly) Oh! we've got a picnic party to-day. It reminded me of my night school education. One fat chap looked like a ~~maxx~~ full stop. A long one, who looked like a mark of exclamation, and an old one who was bent like a note of interrogation.  
ROBERT. (hand to jaw) Hey, steady hon! You're too mighty clever for me. Who hare these jokers?  
MAGGIE. Pals of the young chap.  
ROBERT. Wot young chap?  
MAGGIE. Our new lodger.  
ROBERT. Ah, ah! that's the romance. You'll have to come away from ~~her~~.  
MAGGIE. Don't be silly Robert, he's an important man, and won't even look at me. (smiles reminiscently)  
ROBERT. Oh, hi know these himportant coves.  
MAGGIE. Oh! stop your nonsense, you jealous goose. What do you want, anyhow?  
ROBERT. W'ere'm hi going ter meet yer to-night, and wot time? Hi've got tickets for the hempire. (hastily) Wots the row?  
MAGGIE. (startled) I don't know. The house is bewitched, I think. (bell rings) Oh! it's just that blessed door. You'll have to run, Robert. (excitedly pushes him) go on, do.  
ROBERT (stands firm) When and where to-night (she pushes: he refuses to stir)  
MAGGIE. (slaps him) You'll be caught one of these days. (He is still obstinate) Oh, very well, half past seven at the G. P. O., and mind you behave yourself.  
ROBERT. Don't hi always?  
MAGGIE. Oh Robert, I wish you'd pronounce your h's better Hi halways!! indeed. Can't you say "I always" in spite of all your lessons.  
ROBERT Hi've explained before, my dear. Hi'm halr~~h~~ght when hi sing - same as a stutter~~en~~ doesn't stutter when 'e sings, but wen hi speak hits hall hup.  
MAGGIE. What's the latest singing exercise then.  
ROBERT. A song called "My 'ome in Homeo"  
MAGGIE (distracted) Sing the title, don't speak it. Go on, sing the words "My home in Omeo".  
ROBERT. Hi'll sing the 'ole bloomin' sing, hif yer like, and yer won't find a haitch misplaced.  
MAGGIE. (delighted) Oh! do Robert! do! (she sits)

"MY HOME IN OMEO"

SUNG BY.

ROBERT.



"OMEO".1st. VERSE.

Yes, I'm glad I'm back again boys,  
 From away across the sea,  
 Where it always seems to rain boys,  
 And the weather is too foggy there for me,  
 I've been longing for the old folks,  
 For a girl with eyes of blue,  
 So I've sent a wire saying -  
 I've come back, and I'm coming home to you.

REFRAIN.

There's an old log hut, that my Father cut,  
 Up at Omeo, up at Omeo,  
 There's an old dun cow, I can see it now,  
 Up at Omeo, up at Omeo,  
 On the mountain track, I will hump my pack,  
 I'm longing to go up to Omeo,  
 And the tales I'll tell of the shot and shell  
 Will make the folks on our selection yell,  
 But most of all, I want to see my gel,  
 Up at O-me-O-e-, Up at O-me-e-e.

2nd. VERSE.

Like an opal in the sunshine,  
 Is the farm among the trees,  
 And the fields are like a gold-mine,  
 When the corn is ripe and swaying in the breeze,  
 Just give me Aussie for a home-land,  
 And I'll never go away,  
 With my Maggie Darling in our old log hut,  
 We'll be happy all the day.

-----



(then Robert goes over and kisses her)

MAGGIE (aside) Kisses never rain, but they pour. (Exit L.)

ROBERT (watching her off) Hain't hit worth riskin' a bit to 'ave the pleasure of kissin' that girlish cheek. Hold Lady Crosspatch wouldn't it things hup if she found me 'ere. I suppose I'd better "skiddo" as the Yankees say.

(exit quickly R. after cautiously looking round and helping himself to more cigars. Enter Maggie, just in time to see him go out.)

MAGGIE. Oh! I forgot to give the poor boy his cigars. That's the worst of being in love. It all ends in smoke.

(ENTER MISS AND MRS HASTINGS.)

MAGGIE. (very properly)

If you will kindly sit down, ladies, I'll go and tell Mr. Ferguson that you wish to see him. (they sit. Maggie exits. door R)

MRS. HASTINGS.

That girl is too pretty to be round the house. When you're married you must not have a pretty servant girl. You must remember the demoralising effect.

FLORRIE (brightly) Oh! Mother, I like to have pretty servants. Besides, I could trust Fitzwilliam anywhere.

MRS. HASTINGS. (aside) That's what we women always think. (aloud) Oh! that terrible name Fitzwilliam. Why does he have a name like that. I'm frightfully afraid I'll be disappointed in him.

FLORRIE.

That's alright Mother, you'll get to like the name shortly, especially when you shorten it, as I do, to Fitz.

MRS. HASTINGS.

FLORRIE.

I do hope you have'n't made a mistake, my dear. You talk as if we were already engaged, Mamma; but we've only called this morning because the poor boy didn't know London, and I suggested you could come here with me and we could show him round.

MRS. HASTINGS.

(sees cigars, liquer, and glasses) He's had a visitor already and seems comfortable enough.

FLORRIE.

(impatiently) You seem determined to dislike him. I do wish he would come and you will change your mind soon.

(ENTER MAGGIE DOOR L)

MAGGIE.

Mr. Ferguson is coming now, Ma'am. (aside) You should hear him speak now. He's got on a society voice. What I call "Piling on the Agony" (exit quickly).

(Enter Fitz, dressed in height of fashion; foppish; hair parted in centre, plastered down, eyeglass etc., very long cuffs. Looks very uncomfortable and nervous.)

FITZ.

Aw, good morning, ladies. (They rise. Florrie moves forward, sees him, and falls back astonished)

MRS. HASTINGS.

(in a loud whisper) Florrie, who is this?

FLORRIE. (startled)

It's - it's - it's Fitzwilliam.

MRS. HASTINGS. (indignantly)

And this is the man of your choice?

FITZ. (aside)

If I look as big a fool as I feel, they will be sending for a keeper. (to Florrie) Aw! Flowwie, Miss Hastings, introduce me to your mothah.

FLORRIE. (aghast)

Fitz, what is this silly trick?

FITZ. (aside)

(Mrs Hastings goes up stage annoyed. Fans herself.)

FLORRIE (aside)

Dash that old Uncle, (aloud) No silly twick at all, my deah Flowwie.

FITZ. (aside)

Has he lost his senses? (appeals) Fitz, what are you doing? Drop your fun. I'm not doing, I'm done (aloud in desperation) Flowwie, if you will marry me within a week, I will tell you. (Florrie looks amazed)

MRS. HASTINGS. (coming down)

Florrie, I think you and I had better be going home. This gentleman seems a little upset by our early morning call. Good-day; Come, Florrie. (exit haughtily; Florrie follows, halting at the door to look round)

MRS. HASTINGS. (looking round impatiently) Come, Florrie. (Florrie goes



FITZ. (in a rage) That d-----old Uncle and his confounded gold can rot together. I'm not going to lose that girl for £50,000 per year. (nervously takes out a pipe, about to light it, but throws it furiously into a corner) The whole thing is iniquitous and ridiculous. I'll rush up and change, and call on them in my own character. Fortunately I have their address somewhere. (searches his pockets) Oh! dash it! it is in my other suit. (goes angrily towards L door and sees Florrie)

ENTER FLORRIE DOOR L.

FITZ. (happily, in natural voice) Hullo, Flo! (remembering, says in a drawling voice) How'dy'do Flowwie - I mean, Miss Hastings.

FLORRIE. (excitedly) Oh Fitz, dear Fitz, do be sensible, I've only lost Mother for a few minutes. Do drop that silly nonsense.

FITZ. (nervously) Flowwie, I can't, unless you promise to mawwy me within a week, don't-cher-know.

FLORRIE (haughtily) Is this for a bet, Mr. Ferguson, or is it a so called joke on your part.

FITZ. (very seriously) Weally, 'pon my honour, I mean it, Flowwie. Be a good girl and promise to be Mrs. Ferguson this day week, and I can then tell you evewything now.

FITZ. (still more earnestly) I pledge my sacred word you'll nevah wegwet it. (aside) Oh! I feel a d-----fool. (she turns away embarrassed) Go on, sweetheart. (takes her hand, the puts arm aroun her waist) Promise.

FLORRIE (gaining time) And if I do, will you tell me all?

FITZ. Twuly I will (aside) and be glad of the chance.

FLORRIE. Well, Fitz dear, I- I- I-

FITZ. Promise? Do you weally? (aside) Heaven grant it.

FLORRIE. (lifts her head) Yes.

FITZ. Huwway (old voice) or rather I can say hurray, if no oneelse is listening. (looks round, afraid of his outburst) (She looks very delighted at the change)

FITZ. Ah, Florrie, you are a darling. I c n have at least one confident, and such a one. (they embrace) (he holds her hands and gazes admiringly at her all trace of the fop disappeared) Ah! Flowwie, you've made a new man of me. I was the most miserable specimen on God's earth just now, but now -----

FLORRIE. (interrupts) Yes Fitz, but I must admit, as a proposal it was the most sudden and darking thing I've heard of. Fancy saying to a girl "Mawwy me within a week", why Mother always told me proposing was done quite differently -

DUET

" PROPOSING"

FLO. Mother says, when a man proposes, he goes down on his knees, While the girl in a chair reposes, looking at her ease, He should stammer, stop, and stutter, looking quite absurd, And in consternation mutter, searching for a word.

REFRAIN. Don't you know, you should really go through those old time rules All fond lovers, turtle dovers, they should act like fools, You look so bright and breezy, why? well goodness knows, There's lots of things to do, you ought to sigh, And then looks blue, Just every time that you propose.

FITZ. Father says that a girl disposes of all such foolish men, Such stupidity discloses, something lacking then, I prefer the cave man hero, when his mate he spied, Though his hopes may be at Zero, would not be denied.



124  
"PROPOSING".

(Continued).

REFRAIN.

You'll agree when you really see why I break the rule,  
I've adore you since I saw you,  
At the summer school,  
You look so sweet and lovely,  
That's it I suppose,  
So I'm in love with you,  
You're always doing something new,  
Just every time that I propose.

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Page 14 is his chorus only a few lines - It is missing

FLO. (distressed) And now, Fitz dear, tell your future wife all your secrets, and all about the absurd carrying on this morning. I was thoroughly ashamed of you, and Mother, poor Mother - was disgusted.

FITZ. (aside) And poor Mother will continue to be disgusted. (remembering) Now look here, my-wife-that-is-to-be, you must promise me by a promise as sacred as the marriage vows, that you will never tell what I am going to tell you to a living soul - not even - not even - especially not even your Mother.

FLO. (distressed) Oh! Fitz, how can I?

FITZ. The whole of your future happiness and prosperity depends on it.

FLO. What do you mean? (terrified) Have you committed a crime?

FITZ. (aloud) Oh dear no (aside) I feel equal to murder now. I wish my Uncle and old Long and Short were handy.

FLO. Well, what is it? I feel frightened.

FITZ. No need to feel frightened dear. Only the whim of a very silly, but very rich old man.

FLO. Old man?

FITZ. Yes, my Uncle, who is rolling in millions. He promises to give me \$50,000 a year and to make me his heir, on one condition. Otherwise, not a penny.

FLO. (exclaiming) \$50,000! A millionaire! Sole heir! Oh! Fitz dear, you frighten me!

FITZ. Cheer up darling, (arm around her) don't you want to hear the condition?

FLO. Oh! Yes!

FITZ. Well, make your promise.

FLO. Why dear?

FITZ. I can't tell you until you do; that's part of his condition.

FLO. (reluctantly) Very well, I - I - I - promise.

FITZ. Well, here it is. I have got to sustain and live up to the character you saw me assume this morning. Not one lapse is allowed, except in your presence, and that, only because you have promised to marry me within a week.

FLO. (tearfully) But how - how long is this to last?

FITZ. All his life, which I'm afraid, means the greater part of mine. I'm afraid I can't keep it up.

FLO. Don't do it dear. It isn't worth it.

FITZ. I won't give up without a try. I've got this cheque of \$2000 on account; so in honour, I must try and earn it. (suddenly) and besides, I've got you to provide for now, and within a week, eh?

FLO. (shyly) Oh! Fitz, within a week?

FITZ. Rather! Now, no backing out, sweetheart. It's not possible. We'll have to fly round and get ready for next Thursday. The worst of it is, my new character won't let me fly round. I'm supposed to suffer from a chronic attack of the tired feeling. Fortunately, money's no object.

FLO. Oh! But Fitz, think of poor mother. What will she think?

FITZ. (roughly) That's her funeral.

FLO. (surprised) Fitz, dear?

FITZ. Well, I am afraid it will be. They say curiosity kills its victims, and if your Mother isn't curious about our carryings on, she's no woman. She must not suspect.

FLO. Well dear, you have better go and get your coat, and we'll go out together and look for Mother.

FITZ. Just fancy! Married within a week! I must say that, for a young man supposed to have chronic tired feeling you are hurrying things a bit. Oh! I can't believe it. Can I deceive Mother? Oh! What will she say? The question with most men is "What will Father say". I knew something in courting a widow's daughter. I've dodged the difficult job of "Asking Dad".



"ASKING DAD"

1st Verse. Girls will very easily say,  
 You ask Dad,  
 He will let us name the day,  
 Do ask Dad,  
 A fellow may be in a whirl,  
 About a dainty little girl,  
 But he has a haunting, daunting dread of Dad,  
 It's no wonder, I suppose,  
 That he studies Fathers toes,  
 He looks serious and solemn,  
 Never glad,  
 So he hesitates and stops,  
 Cannot speak and nearly slops,  
 Until Father is convinced the boy is mad.

1st refrain. She says Dear do it now,  
 Dear old Dad will not row,  
 If you love me,  
 You really should be glad,  
 For her sake he'd rob a bank,  
 Or like me, pile on the swank,  
 But his mind's a perfect blank,  
 Asking Dad,

2nd verse. He procrastinates this way,  
 Foolish man,  
 Yes to-morrow, that's his plan,  
 That's his plan,  
 He faces sweetheart mournfully,  
 But she just teases scornfully,  
 She wants to hurry things on all she can.  
 For she badly wants the ring,  
 All those envious looks to bring,  
 From her dearest friends when they her fingers scan,  
 But he stutters and delays,  
 Till to-morrow's fourteen days,  
 For his transför to the fire,  
 From the pan.

2nd refrain She says dear do it now,  
 Dear old Dad will not row,  
 If you love me you really should be glad,  
 So he starts off like a streak,  
 Then postpones it for a week,  
 For he finds he cannot speak,  
 Asking Dad.

3rd chorus. She says dear do it now,  
 Dear old Dad will not row,  
 If you love me you really should be glad,  
 Time he finds is slipping by,  
 He will do the deed or die,  
 But he only does a guy,  
 Asking Dad.

--- -- -- -- --  
 --- --



FLO.

Some song, Fitz. Probably the last you'll sing in your natural voice.

FITZ.

Say, my dear, dont remind me, but while I get a few things together, and get the servants along and introduce you to them, you can think of the fact that we'll be right back as a married couple as fast as a liner can take us.  
(kisses her and exits)

FLO.

God bless dear Anstralia,  
There's something calling me there. I seem to hear that magic call "Coeee".

"COOEE"

(as she sings chorus the first time Fitz enters with servants, and beckons them to enter quietly. He then gestures to them to join in chorus, which they do.)

"C O O E E"

*This & "The Murray Moon" are  
the feature solos*



18  
THE MAGIC CALL "COOEE".

1st. Verse.

A magic call rings through the trees,  
It carries sweetest harmonies,  
It calls to you, it calls to me,  
A magic sound, that calls "Cooee",  
It breathes of love, of home, and joy,  
It calls a girl, and it calls to a boy,  
And softly floats o'er the moonlit sea,  
A loving message to me.

REFRAIN.

What sweet romance and mystery,  
Lie in that magic call "Cooee",  
It's mystic sound rings the whole world round,  
And brings my homeland to me,  
A haunting lure is in it's tone,  
"Coo - ee - ee, Coo - ee - ee,  
Whateer betide, though the seas divide,  
It brings dear Australia to me.

2nd. VERSE.

I conjure up sweet scenes of home,  
My Aussie land, across the foam,  
A land of gold, so vast and free,  
And bridged across by our "Cooee",  
This land beneath the Southern Sun,  
Enthralls its children every one,  
A promised land that offers free,  
A wonderous op-por-tu-ni-ty.

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2.  
ACT. 3.

AFTER THE WEDDING (IN AUSTRALIA)

Dining Room at Fitzwilliam's New Home.

ROBERT, lying fast asleep on couch in full view of audience, is awakened by a fall of furniture outside. He drowsily opens his eyes and yawns, turns over, and tries to sleep again. Another fall fully awakes him, and he reluctantly rises and, yawning and stretching, walks towards door R.

ROBERT. There's a clumsy person habout somew'ere. Hi've bin told that a man with squint can't go w'ere 'e's lookin' but hi think that hanyone helse can look w'ere their goin'. Hi always habominated clumsy people. (Falls heavily on the foot stool which upsets) Of course, haccidents will 'appen. (dusts his clothes with pocket handkerchief.)

Enter MAGGIE door L. U. E.

MAGGIE (cheekily) Hallo, Flirty, had another spill? Always tumblin g over something.

ROBERT (solumnly) The wust fall hi ever 'ad, me lady, was wen hi tumbled 'ead over hears hin love with you. Hand, look 'ere, Hi lodges han hobjection to bein' called "Flirty" hit goes agin me grain to be chaffed.

MAGGIE. Well, no one would call you a man of straw, even if they chaff you, Flirty, because even straw could not be so filling. (he looks annoyed) But what have you been doing, getting dust and stuff all over you, to say nothi<sup>ng</sup> of damaging the bridal couples furniture.

ROBERT. (vengefull) Fallin' hover that d----- hi mean confounded footstool. Fancy aving one hof those hold fashioned things habout the 'ouse. That's one of the hold lady's 'ideous hideas, hi bet. Hits 'igh time the young couple come 'ome and took possession.

MAGGIE. Well, they'll be here to-day. I reckon we've been mighty lucky to get the place, and if it hadn't been for me, you'd never have got the job. The young lady was taken with me at old lady Crosspatch's, and insisted I should come to her, but the young master was not to know.

ROBERT. W'y not?

MAGGIE. She sayd he would not expect her to have the sense to select a pretty housemaid, and she wants to surprise him

ROBERT. Pretty! His the young lady blind, hor sarcastic?

MAGGIE. Flirty, you're real mean. Still if she tries to boss me round just because she's married, I see sings of storms

ROBERT. (saluting) Miss Margaret Hesmaralda Smith, weather prophet. Hail hall.

MAGGIE. How can you all hail in the middle of summer? Be sensible Flirty. Come and help me to get this place ready for our dearly-beloved and newly-wedded master and mistress, who are returning to-day from their honeymoon tour.

They bustle about, doing little, but gradually approaching each other. He grasps her and kisses her. She screams.

MAGGIE. Robert, you horror, how dare you?



ROBERT.

My poetic hinstinct hagain. Hi was trying' to himagine  
hus a pair hof 'oneymooners, hand was carried haway by  
wot they call flight of fancy.

MAGGIE. (slap-  
ping him)

You'll be carried away by an ambulance if you dare do it  
again. (She darts back, looks at him, coquettishly hides  
her face in her hands invitingly)

MAGGIE.

But say, Robert, talking of flights of fancy: I had a  
wonderful experience last night. You remember talking of  
the orchard we're going to but on The Murray River?

ROBERT

Do hi wot? That's w'ere Robert and 'is little Maggie are  
goin' ter 'ave their 'ome. Hit'll be right on the banks of  
the Murray too.

MAGGIE.

(excitedly,  
ending mysteriously)

That's what I thought. Well last night I was picturing  
myself watching the River Murray by moonlight, and I had  
the loveliest Flight of Fancy imaginable.

"THE MURRAY MOON".

BY MAGGIE.

(Overleaf)



1st Verse.

Like a bird returning to it's nest,  
I will fly to home sweet home and rest,  
It seems that always,  
I can hear the Murray calling,  
In tones enthralling,  
From out the West.  
Drifting on it's bosom let me glide,  
Where the native woo'd his dusky bride,  
And in the shadows of grey,  
Just dream the hours away,  
The night birds calling,  
At the close of day, .

CHORUS.

The stars are gleaming,  
And there's a charm,  
That sets me dreaming,  
Where all is calm,  
The sighing gum trees,  
Breathe mystery,  
The roving black men,  
I seem to see,  
And through the moonlight,  
They fade away,  
But leave a memory  
Of yesterday,  
I see my homestead,  
By the big lagoon,  
Twas but the magic,  
Of the Murray Moon.

2nd Verse.

Drooping willows weeping o'er the stream,  
Frame the picture, it's a fairy dream,  
And through the shadows,  
There's a dusky tribe advancing,  
Wild cries and dancing,  
How fierce they seem,  
By the fire a wild corroboree,  
Brings the mystic past right back to me,  
There comes a cloud on the moon,  
It dims the vision too soon,  
My dream is over.  
And I now can see.

Chorus.

The Stars

-----



MAGGIE (aside) (tidying up) I wonder what the new master will say when he sees me. His wife doesn't know what a surprise it will be.

Enter MRS. HASTINGS door R.

MAGGIE. (aside going to door L.) Oh my, the Mother-in-law!

MRS. HASTINGS. Well, my girl, is everything ready for your master and mistress?

MAGGIE. (properly) I think so, ma'am. (aside) How dare she "my girl" me, I'll scratch her eyes out!

MRS H. (aside) I don't like that girl. She's too pretty. (aloud) Is my room ready?

MAGGIE. (surprised) Your room ma'am? Are you coming here too? (aside) If she does, I'm off.

MRS H. Why not?

MAGGIE. (aloud) Oh! It's not my business ma'am. (aside) This is no place for me.

MRS H. I meant my dressing room. I am to be here for dinner tonight.

MAGGIE (relieved, aside) Is that all? Thank Heaven! (aloud) There's several spare rooms fixed up by the furniture people, ma'am. I suppose one of them would do?

MRS H. Ah! Yes, show me the way.

MAGGIE. (aside) She gets on my nerves. I can't stand her. (aloud) Certainly ma'am just follow me. (exit door L.)

Enter Robert cautiously, door R.

ROBERT. Great Scott! His she comin' to keep 'ouse? Good Lord deliver hus! The more hi sees hof hold ladies hin general, the more thankful hi ham that Margeret Hesmaralde his a horphan. (looks out window C) Hullo! 'ere's a taxi. Must be master hand missus. Not a load of stuff. My haunt! There'll be some fun directly

Enter MAGGIE door L.

MAGGIE. Flirty, did you see her?

ROBERT. 'er? who?

MAGGIE. The bride's dear Mother.

ROBERT. Hi should rather think hi did, and hif hi was the bridegroom the less hi saw hof her the better. Hi'd like hit. Say Maggie, ere's the bridal couple comin' Let us get ready. William will let hem hin.

(They straighten tble cloth and move a couple of chairs and as Mr. and Mrs. Ferguson are heard outside they appear to be very busy)

Enter MR. & MRS. FERGUSON. She gaily, yet tastefully dressed in travelling costume. He a more accomplished and apparent Dude than in the First Act. He carries two hat boxes.

ITZ. (seeing Robert) Ah Wobert - I believe your name is Wobert? isn't it.

OBERT. (aside) Good Lord, what's this?



FITZ.

Just goto the door and wemonstrate with that howwid cabby I gave him a crown and he was vewy angwy about it. Told me a furniture van would have suited me bettah, and cost me fah more, bah Jove! I nearly wapped him ovah the knuckles, don't-you-know. (Robert grinning and winking at Maggie, starts for the door in fighting attitude.) Oh, by the way, Wobert, take William with you, and bwing in the west of our belongings, (exit Robert R.) Now, (turning to his wife) Flowwie, sweetheart, we can settle down before settling up, don't-cher-know, This fair domestic (looks at Maggie, who is expecting the glance) (Aside) Oh! The devil! how the fury did that girl get here. This is some of my Uncle's fiendish work. (angrily) Who brought you heah, young woman?

MRS. FERGUSON (delighted) Oh Fitz, I knew I'd surprise you. I saw her two months ago, at your boarding house, and arranged for her to come here (to Maggie) didn't I, Maggie?

MAGGIE. Yes, Ma'am.

FITZ. (smiling to his wife) I admire your judgement, my deah. (aside) That's two women in the secret now, I see my £10,000 vanishing into thin air.

FITZ. (aloud) Flowwie, just have a look wound your new home, don't-cher-know, for a minute. I want to find out what has happened here during the week.

MRS. F. (throws kiss to him) No flirting you know, Fitz. (exit door L.)

MAGGIE. Fitz, eh? I've got him under my thumb.

FITZ (aloud) Now look here, young woman (natural voice) You know my secret. If you so much as hint by word or deed that my present manners and speech are assumed, I-I-I-I'll

MAGGIE (innocently) What, sir?

FITZ. (desperate) Why, I'm ruined, there you are.

MAGGIE. Oh! Sir, do you think a woman can't keep a secret?

FITZ. Even from Robert?

MAGGIE. Yes, even from him. I don't tell him everything.

FITZ. Great Scott, I hope not. Of course, when you are married it will be different.

MAGGIE. Why, sir, do you tell your wife everything?

FITZ. Of course--(hesitatingly) that is, anything that is of real importance.

MAGGIE. Oh! That's alright sir.

FITZ. (curiously) Is it? I'm ibclined to think your Robert has a treat in store.

MAGGIE. My Robert is your footman, sir.

FITZ. (amazed) What! What next! (hears someone outside) Hullo, someone coming. (fops manner) Just bwing a bwush, There's a good girl, and bwush this dust off my clothes. My arms are bwreaking withthe stwain of cawwyng those hat boxes, and my wife won't let anyone else cawwy them, Dont-cher-know. (looks round, finds no one coming. Sees Maggie laughing. Angry. Natural) You keep a secret! You'll give it away first thing. I'll have to punish you. (Casually) I say, do you know you're rather pretty?



AGGIE.

So I've been told sir, but Robert says a proper pretty girl doesn't flirt.

ITZ.

(approvingly) Good girl, (aside) That's one against me.

(Bell rings. Maggie goes through door R. While waiting. Fitz takes a chair and leisurely makes himself at home. Maggie re-enters with a telegram.)

AGGIE.

(handing it to him) A telegram sir.

ITZ.

(Fops manner) Weally now, were you under the impression that I thought it was a cannon?

AGGIE.

Well, he does go off, and so will I. He's a caution. (exit R)

ITZ.

(Looks carefully round, to make sure he is alone, then rises and looks again: then with abandon, completely alters manner. Thank Heaven! alone at last!)  
(Sings Solo: I'm Fitz.)

"I'm FITZ."



7  
F. F. F.  
Fitz-Fitz-Fitzwilliam.

Uncle Joseph is a "wotter"  
He's a weally naughty boy  
(spoken) Some day I'll smash that Uncle  
With an almost sinful joy,  
(sung) He pays me verry promptly,  
But he's deaffer than a post,  
m (spoken) I'll stand for his dam' nonsense  
Well for three months at the most  
(sung) He 'wooles' the 'woost'  
His cheque book talks  
And makes me look a fool  
(spoken) He'll feel a dinkum upper-cut  
If I do not keep cool  
(sung) He fixed a Dude name on to me  
Fitz-william, if you please  
(spoken) And when I get next quarters cheque  
I'll make old Uncle sneeze

REFRAINS

He calls me Fits - Fitz - Fitzwilliam  
My R's are double U's,  
My cuffs are long,  
My collars high,  
My accent I dare not lose,  
I supply 'woll' in money,  
Head waiters seek my tips,  
Dare-devil Fitz, of sparkling wits,  
Fitz-William, Fitz W Fitz W

TAB... .. But if I lose my tempah  
The world just simply 'wocks'  
I slam the doors and stamp the floors  
With dreadfully hard knocks,  
And once when some low bounder  
Said he would push my face,  
I made three hits, knocked him to bits,  
Fitz - ~~Fitz~~ William, Fitz - Fitz.



2  
Contd.

( Fitz - Fitz - Fitz-william )

So I am awfully, beastly bored,  
I cannot stand the 'stwain'  
(spoken) I'll break the news to Uncle Joe,  
With language free and plain.  
(sung) I've just pwoposed to 'Flowwie'  
And I've offered her my heart,  
(spoken) The dam' things got into my bones,  
I almost feel the part,  
(sung) She waised a gwin,  
She strowked my chin,  
And gazed at my eye-glass,  
(spoken) I hardly need to say just here,  
I felt a silly ass,  
(sung) I said, oh Flowwie, I love you,  
She murmured "I'll be thine",  
(spoken) So when I draw next quarters pay,  
As dude, I will resign.

REFRAIN.

He calls me Fitz - Fitz - Fitz-william  
My R's are double U's,  
My cuffs are long, My collars high,  
My accent I dare not lose,  
I supply 'wohl' in money,  
Head waiters seek my tips,  
Dare-devil Fitz - of sparkling wits,  
Fitz-william - Fitz - Fitz.

TAG.

But when a man annoys me,  
My angry eyes do flash,  
I frighten him, with looks so gwin,  
He thinks we'll weally clash,  
And twely, when I'm fed up,  
I get a <sup>pendung</sup> ~~cannon~~ ball,  
And with three hits, knock it to bits,  
Fitz-William - Fitz - Fitz.



FITZ. Of all the punishments ever designed for man, this is the limit. My Uncle should qualify for the position of Chief Tormentor. I fancy I can see his spies everywhere. (looks round) I look for them in cabbies, in waiters, in servants, and have to mind my P's and Q's, I mean my R's and W's - all the time. Just fancy taking cheek from a cabman. I'd have liked to smash his face. Just as well Florrie knew me before this episode, or she'd pity herself for the husband she's blessed with. (looks round) let's consign my reverend relative to illimitable space, or even to a warmer climate. I'm sick of the whole blessed business, and if it were not for Florrie and her prospects, I'd sling my hook. I must say I get some fun out of it, but the fact that this housemaid knows everything is deuced awkward. If she tells her confounded Robert, that will be the end of me. (looks at telegram) Suppose I had better open this. (looks at it, looking round first, reads it - crest fallen) Well, here's rotten luck! Back to bondage again. (reads) "Solicitors calling to-day. Expect me afterwards. Staying to dinner. Uncle Joseph." (Fitz paces the floor energetically) Dash the thing! Old Long and Short to stroll in again, and dear Uncle to follow them. (sarcastically) This happiness is too much! "Staying to dinner" There's assurance for you --- Perhaps he mayn't. That remains to be seen. Well, I'd better get into practice again. (calls) Wobert!

ROBERT. Yes, sir?

FITZ. Did you bring in all the trunks and the rest of our luggage?

ROBERT. Hi've nearly finished, sir. William and hi were just goin' down for thr fourth time. (aside) No wonder the taxi chap kicked at the five bob. Five quid would be little enough.

FITZ. Well weally, I'm afwaid you're waver slow, or vewy lazy. (Robert looks indignant) Well, well, tell Mrs. Ferguson I want her. (Robert going) Oh! I say Wobert, what's the name of the twetty housemaid?

ROBERT. (aside) Pretty housemaid! Wot d----- cheek! (Aloud) To the best of my belief sir, 'er name his Margaret Hesmeralda Smith.

FITZ. I beg toue pardon! Is one allowed to abbreviate it in any way?

ROBERT. Who, sir? (aside) Hi'd like to punch that haccent hout hof 'im.

FITZ. Is one compelled to address her by her full cognomen?

ROBERT. Cog who? (aside) 'e's slipped a cog in 'is wheel.

FITZ. Anyway, I shall call her Madge. (calls) Madge!

ROBERT. (aside) The bounder! Hi'll punch 'is 'ead yet. (calls) "Maggie" (emphasis) The master wants you. (Robert looks wroth)

ENTER MAGGIE DOOR C.

FITZ. Yes, bah jove, Madge, just tell my wife I would weally like her to come and see a telegram I have got.

MAGGIE. (aloud) Yes sir! (aside) "Madge", how lovely! He's not a bad sort. (exit door R.)

ROBERT. (aside) "Madge"! What bosh! He'll be calling 'er Hesme next & me Woberto. (exit door R.)

FITZ. (natural voice) The honourable Robert seems sweet on the beautiful Maggie. He seems annoyed with me. If he only knew what an idiot I feel, He'd sympathise instead.

ENTER FLORRIE AND HER MOTHER - DOOR L.  
FITZ SEES FLORRIE.

FITZ. (naturally) I say Flor--- (aside) Oh! dash it! There's the old



lady. (aloud) Flowwie, just wead this (hands her telegram)  
(To Mrs. H.) How d'ye do, my deah Mothah-in-law. Come to see  
for yourself a sample of what they call connubial bliss,  
dout-cher-know?

MRS. H. I hope your description proves correct, my dear Fitzwilliam.  
(aside) Oh, how I hate that name, thoughtit "fitz" alright.

FLORRIE. (reads telegram) Oh! Fitz, dear, do introduce me to those  
two funny lawyers you told me of. I'm dying to meet them.

FITZ. Not worth expiring for, Flowwie, my love; though we mustn't  
speak disrespectfully of limbs of the law. You'll see them  
alright. (aside) I guess we'll see too much of them in the  
finish. (aloud) Why not sit down. (They all sit down)

FLORRIE. (to her Mother) And we will meet Fitz's Uncle Mother. He's  
so rich.

FITZ. (aside) And so deaf.

FLORRIE. And so funny,

FITZ. So d-----funny!

MRS. H. How do you know, my dear?

FLORRIE. Fitz has told me (talks to Fitz)

MRS. H. If he's any funnier than Fitz, I don't want anything to do  
with him.

FITZ. Well, Flowwie, we'll all have to be on our best behaviour.

MRS. H. Fitzwilliam! ! !

FITZ. What?

MRS. H. I'm always on my best behaviour.

FITZ. (aside) But you don't count.

FLORRIE. You'll have to be very careful, Fitz.

FITZ. (warningly) Ah!

MRS. H. (questioningly) Why?

FLORRIE. (confused) Nothing, only he must not offend his rich Uncle.

MRS. H. What's his rich Uncle ever done for him?

FITZ. (aside) Done for me altogether. (aloud) Called me Fitzwilliam  
dout-cher-know.

MRS. H. That's nothing to thank him for.

FITZ. (Rising eagerly) Shake hands!!

MRS. H. (surprised) Why?

FITZ. (Vigorously) My opinion (Remembering himself, finishes languidly) pweicisely.

MRS. H. (aside) He's more sensible than I thought. I can't under-  
stand him.

FLORRIE. Now then, you two, kiss and be friends.

MRS. H. (Shocked) Florrie!

(Alarmed) Flowwie! (aside) No jolly fear.

ENTER ROBERT DOOR R.



FITZ. I say, Mothah. I won't kiss you but I'll do a dance with Flo if you like.

FLO. Fitz, Fit z,!! What'll we dance.

FITZ. That's just it. What'll we dance. Why! "The Wattle Waltz" Of course we'll spring a new one on your Mothah.

THEY DANCE "THE WATTLE WALTZ"

Just at finish Enter Robert: Mr. Tallboy, and Mr. Shortun.

ENTER TALLBOY AND SHORTUN.

MRS H. (to Florrie) Are these the lawyers?

FLO. (to Mrs. H.) Yes, judging by the description. (up stage)

FITZ. (the host) Ah, my deah gentlemen. It is weally (they look approvingly at one another and nod their heads) an unexpected pleasuah. You must permit me to introduse you to Mrs. Hastings, my Mothah-in-law, and to my wife.

T&S. (together) Delighted, Mr. Ferguson.

Fitz. (coughs) Mothah, (aside) that sounds funny. (aloud) Allow me to intwoduce you to Mr. Tallboy, (points to Shortun)

Shortun. (the tall man) No sir, excuse me, my name is Shortun.

FITZ. What? (laughs) Ha! Ha! Ha! (confused) Weally, you must excuse me, I was thinking of a joke my wife told me befoah you cam in. (to Florrie) Wemember it, my love? (aside to her) It's too funny. I'll explode directly.

FLO. (aloud) Yes dear, I remember.

FITZ. (continuing) Mrs Hastings, Mr. Shortun. Mrs Hastings, Mr. Tallboy. (all bow. He looks at the little man and laughs again) Ha! Ha! Ha!

T & S. (together) Anything wrong Mr. Ferguson?

FITZ. No weally. Same joke, that's all. Isn't it Flowwie?

FLO. Yes dear. Now, you might introduce me?

FITZ. (still laughing immoderately) Sowwy, my deah. Vewy wude of me, I'm suah. Mrs. Ferguson, Mr. Shortun, Mrs. Ferguson, Mr. Tallboy. (all bow, Fitz laughs again: stops very suddenly.)

MRS. H. (upset) You'll excuse us, gentlemen. There are many things to see about in a new house, and we must go. Good-bye, Fitzwilliam. Come along, Florrie dear (aside) I didn't think he had so much fun in him (Exit L)

FLO to FITZ. Careful Fitz; you'll have Mother suspecting. (she laughs) But it was funny! (Exit L) T & S look very uncomfortable while this is going on, and whisper to each other, gestulating)

FITZ (coming down) Weally gentlemen, I must apologise, I'm vewy sowwy, but my wife was telling me such a joke as you came in, and I could not forget it. (laughs again) Oh! weally, I must stop.

T. to S. He seems very strange to-day.

S to T. He does, indeed.

FITZ. Well, gentlemen, what's the trouble to-day?

TALLBOY. No trouble, my dear Mr. Ferguson. Your Uncle-----



SHORTUN. Has asked us to call-----

TALLBOY. Ahd let you know-----

SHORTUN. That he intends -----

FITZ. (breaks in) The old, old, story. (sternly) There you go again. Now, 'pon my word, gentlemen, I'm vewy sewisously damaging my neck, turning first to one and then to the other, don't-cher-know. Suppose we awwange it as on your first visit. Now you, Mr. Tallboy, (looks at Shortun) I mean Mr. Shortun (laughs again) go first.

SHORTUN. Your Uncle -----

FITZ. Same start as befoah. Can't you start with "Once upon a time"?

TALLBOY. If you'd only listen, sir, -----

FITZ. If you'd only wait your turn. (to Shortun) Go on.

SHORTUN. Your Uncle told us to tell you he is very pleased so far, with your conduct, and -----

TALLBOY. He feels sure you are by now -----

FITZ. (To Tallboy) You are incowwiggible, don't-cher-know?  
(To Shortun) You'd better gawe him his chance.

SHORT (To Tall) Go on then, (annoyed)

TALLBOY. He feels sure you are by now seeing the wisdom of his plans.

FITZ. (aside) Wisdom be dashed! (aloud, slowly) Hasn't he come to his senses yet, bah Jove?

BOTH. (Shocked) Mr. Ferguson!!! Your Uncle!!!

FITZ. (laughs) Yes, my Uncle! ! He pays the piper, don't-cher-know, and I dance to his tune; but he'll find some day how wong he is, you may wely upon it (aside) They're waiting for me to drop my part, but I'll disappoint them. (aloud) Weally, you know, I'm vewy tired. (yawns) Go on, don't mind me, (drowsily)

S. to T. I really believe he has adopted his new character -----

T to S. (breaking in) For good. So do I.

SHORT. You might let me finish my sentence.

TALL. You were so undecided about it that I -----

SHORT. Thought you would chip in.

TALL. You might let me finish my sentence this time.

SHORT. Oh! You're in a bad temper to-day.

TALL. That's not true.

FITZ. (awaking and yawning) Well, weally, gentlemen! Heah am I waiting foah your news and you are fwivolously ossupying pwecious time by quawelling, don't-cher-know. 'Pon my word, it's too bad. What would my Uncle say?

BOTH. (alarmed) Oh, yes, his Uncle!

TALLBOY. Well, you see, Mr. Ferguson, it's rather -----

SHORT. A delicate matter. It's -----



- TALLBOY. Somewhat outside our province and -----
- SHORT. We feel rather diffident about-----
- TALLBOY. Putting the question.
- FITZ. Oh! Dash it all! I must weally, once and foah all, protest against the vewy peculiah mannah in which you convey my Uncle's instructions to me. It's vewy embawassing twying to dwink in information fwom two sources at ome, don't-cher-know. (to Shortun) Now we'll start all over again. You're first man, and you take stwike.
- SHORT. To cut it shortly now, Mr. Ferguson, your Uncle has asked us to put a question to you which he wants you to answer as if on oath.
- FITZ. Well Old Uncle Joe does himself proud, bah Jove! Fiwe away with the cwiss examination.
- SHORT. You have been married two months.
- FITZ. I know that. Tow months and two days, to be exact. (aside) How can a man possibly forget how long he has been married?
- SHORT. Well, (hesitating) (turns to Tallboy) You ask him?
- TALL. (Huffily) You're first man in.
- SHORT. (laughs) No, he's taken stwike. First evah called. Your hit now.
- TALL. His question is:- Have you and your wife had one cross word yet?
- FITZ. (enraged) Well, I d----- What a confounded cheek. (walks about) Does the old joeser think he commands me, body and soul? (Thinks) It's a plot to rile me and make me forget my part. I'll beat them.
- SHORT. Well, sir, what are we going to tell him?
- FITZ. Why, my deah sir, the twuth, of course. (Yawns) Flowwie, that is, Mrs Ferguson, and I have nevah spoken a cwiss word to each other, and I'll pwove it to your satisfaction. (Goes to door centre and calls) "Flowwie".
- Florrie. (Outside) Yes dear?
- FITZ. Just a minute, sweetheart. (Florrie enters C)
- FITZ. (aside to her) Careful, Florrie, these two lawyer chaps have their eyes on us.
- FLO. What can I do, Fitz, dear?
- FITZ. (Bored) These two gentlemen are commanded by our Uncle Joseph to ask if we have evah quawwelled yet, or evah had a cwiss word.
- FLO. Uncle Joseph, indeed!!!! I'll teach him to mind his place.
- T & S. (Shocked) Oh, Madam, your Uncle!
- FLO. Not my Uncle, thank goodness!
- SHORT. By marriage, my dear lady.
- TALL. Yes, Madam, by marriage.
- FLO. Pooh! I'm not married to him (Archly) Fitz is quite enough to handle.



FITZ. (approvingly) Vewy good, bah Jove! Capital, don't-cher-know!

FLO. But why this inquisition?

FITZ. (Pats her) (aside) Thats a good word Florrie. Keep it up.

T to S. She's a handful.

S to T. But very pretty,

BOTH. Ah! Ah!

SHORT. Your Uncle told us to get the -----

TALL. Answer the question first.

FITZ. Well, bah Jove, you'll get it. (Takes Florrie's hand) Nevah one cross word to each other has passed our lips since mawwiage, eh, Flowwie?

FLO. Not one, dear, (They embrace)

FITZ. (aside to her) That's fetched 'em.

T to S. How affectionate.

S to T. How affecting.

BOTH. Ah! Well!

FITZ. Well, what's the position now? Am I cut off with the proverbial silver coin, bah Jove?

SHORT. (Excitedly) No my dear sir, it is----

TALL. do Our pleasant duty -----

SHORT. (more excited) To inform you that -----

TALL. do do Your Uncle has instructed us -----

~~SHORT~~

FITZ. (aside to his wife) Let 'em go. They like it that way.

SHORT. (cooling down) to hand you a cheque ----

TALL. (shower) For one thousand pounds in the event of -----

SHORT. (importantly) Your answer being -----

TALL. (importantly) Satisfactory.

FITZ. (aside) You see, they get there just the same. (Pleased) But this is a bit of alright.

FLO. (delighted, aloud) Our Uncle Joe is quite a dâcent sort after all.

T & S. (pleased) He is, Madam,

FITZ. No doubt you're wight, and I may come to believe it in time; but at present it takes all these £1000 cheques to keep my courage scwewed up for my part.

TALL. But excuse me sir. You are splendid.

SHORT. Yes, no one could tell your part was assumed.

FITZ. (To his wife) That's a backhanded compliment. Still, it's a lot from them. (aloud) Many thanks gentlemen, foah your gweat goodness and foah the courtesy with which you cawwied out your arduous ewwand.



T-to S. Hand them the cheque.

SHORTUN. (feeling in his pockets) You've got it.

TALL. do do do So I have.

FITZ. (relieved, aside) Thank heaven! He's got it. Let's cash it before it's stopped. (aloud) Don't wowwy, gentlemen, if it's mislaid. Any time will do.

FLORRIE. (aloud) Oh! Yes, gentlemen, we are really not anxious for the money to-day you know. (aside) It's there, alright, Fitz, you'd better get it.

TALL. (hands over cheque) There it is, sir. (Fitz points to his wife) I mean Madam. I hope I have the pleasure of handing more of them to you,

FLO. (smiling at him and shaking hands) So do I. (shakes hands with Shortun too)

FITZ. Hear! Hear! (shakes hands with Shortun) Good bye, Mr. Tallboy, Oh! I say, I beg your pardon, don't-cher-know, I meant Mr. Shortun. (laughs, checks himself) Good-bye, Mr. Tallboy, (shakes hands) Hope to see you again soon. I'll escort you to the door. (exit all but FLO, door R)

FLORRIE. They are a funny pair and no mistake. Really, Fitz is a marvel. He deceives even me sometimes. "I thought he was going to dress the cabby down, but instead he talked of "wapping him o'wah the knuckles" I felt very sorry for him, but still, (looking at cheque) It is very profitable acting, if he can only keep it up.

REENTER FITZ DOOR R.

FITZ. There's a relief. Aren't they a rum pair? They always hunt in couples. Real Siamese twins, sort of business, only made a little out of proportion. I'm always treading on their corns over their names. (laughs)

FLO. (laughs) who can wonder? They really ought to exchange names I wonder how they came to be in partnership?

FITZ. (Looks round cautiously) I'll lay 100 to 1 it's some of Uncle's silly tricks. Found them out, saw the joke, set them up, and gives them his business to do. Pays them well, apparantly. If it is so, it adds to my opinion of his sense of humour.

FLO. (showing cheque) He does pay well, FITZ,

FITZ. (taking cheque and looking at watch) By Jove, I must run and cash it. The chances are 10 to 1 I'll offend him to-day, and we'll have this much at least, between us and starvation. Bye-Bye, love. (embraces her)

FLO. (as he goes she says) Don't hurry Fitz; dudes don't hurry, you know. (laughingly)

FITZ. Oh! That be hanged. I've only got 7 mins to catch the bank. (exit R Hurriedly)

FLO. Dear old Fitz. What a lucky girl I am. Some day his Uncle will come to his senses and then we will be happy. (Rings bell) In the meantime, we'll get some fun and some cash out of it.

Enter Maggie, door L.

FLO. Now Maggie, you and I will get on very well together, You have a nice manner and a pretty face. (Maggie simpers) Mr. Ferguson and I are expecting his Uncle here in a few minutes, and I want you to prepare the table for afternoon tea, while I go to the kitchen (rings) I'll send Robert up here to help you. (exit door L.)



MAGGIE. (delighted) There's not much of the boss about her. A pretty face eh? So I have, mum. The same to you and many of them  
Enter Robert door C.

MAGGIE. (Imitating Fitz) Wobert, my good man, kindly assist your Madge to spwead the wepast for Fitzzy and Flowwie.

ROBERT. (Whispers) Hush Maggie, Hi mean Madge - don't lose a good place by himpertinence. The master haint a bad sort, honly a bit soft and daft. Sometimes hi thing its hall puthon, because 'e 'as 'is sensible moments.

MAGGIE. Yes, he said I was pretty.

ROBERT. That his a proof 'ow soft 'e his.

MAGGIE. (sternly) Wobert, weally, I'll wap you ovah the knuckles.

ROBERT. Come hon, young woman we've got to fix this table hup before the hold gent harrives. Cook says 'es a tartar - deaf as a post, hand a real woman-hater. (aside) Silly, hold man. (aloud) Don't try your flirtin' tricks with 'im.

MAGGIE. I might be the one.

ROBERT. You're my one. Don't be silly. (he tries to kiss her, but she dodges him.)

MAGGIE. (slaps him) Last tig. That's for your cheek. (He looks despondent) (She kisses him.) That's for your lips.

ROBERT. That's somethin' like. Now, come hon 'ere. We're hin for a row. (They hurrryand get confused and have not done much when Mrs. Ferguson enters)

MRS F. Surely Maggie. I thought you would be finished by now. You must hurry up. Robert, I believe you've been hindering Maggie. Now come and help her. The motor is coming now. Show Mr. Ferguson's Uncle in here when he comes, and say we will be down directly.

Maggie and Robert speedily finish their work before bell rings. Robert answers the door and Maggie works.

Enter MORGOLD. door L., ear trumpet in hand. Sees Maggie, looks again, recognises her.

MORGOLD. Ah! The pretty housemaid from the boarding house. (chuckles) Fitzwilliam has good taste, he has, (to her) Well, my dear, your master at home?

MAGGIE. Yes, sir.

MORGOLD. Hey?

MAGGIE. (Coming closer) Yes sir.

MORGOLD. Don't shout. Keep cool! (puts trumpet to ear)

MAGGIE. He's upstairs.

MORGOLD. (puts arm round her)

MAGGIE. (Pulls away) Oh sir, (surprised) I thought you were a woman hater.

MORGOLD. Sometimes, my dear, only sometimes. (kisses her) (She very indignant, head in air, exits)

MORGOLD. (At table. Rings bell) They all do that, but they like it.

ENTER ROBERT DOOR R.



MORGOLD. Where are your master and mistress?

ROBERT. Hup stairs.

MORGOLD. (hand to ear) What?

ROBERT. Hup stairs.

MORGOLD. Don't shout, my man: keep cool! (produces ear trumpet and fits in ear)

ROBERT. (aside) Here's a bloomin' telephone. Where's the bell? What should hi say? Hullo, are you there?  
Aloud) (Speaking into ear trumpet.) Hup stairs!!

MORGOLD. (Jumps) Don't shout, you foolish fellow! Tell 'em to come down. I want them. Stay a minute (feels in pocket, and tips him)

ROBERT (aside) (counting) Five yaller boys! 'E's a toff.  
EXIT ROBERT L.

MORGOLD. I wonder if old Long and Short have been with the cheque? I don't mind spending a bit of money if I get my way, but I must be sure of that. All my spies report that Fitzwilliam is a perfect specimen of the aristocrat. I want him to be. In fact, some say he is setting the fashions for men. I pay him well if he keeps on like this. I do wish people wouldn't shout at me like they do. I'm not really deaf, though sometimes I can't catch everything they say, and yet everybody shouts at me. I'm sure I can hear almost as well, as they can. I don't need this, I'm sure. (Points to ear trumpet) but the Doctor insists on it. I get tired of telling prople not to shout, but to keep cool. It's enough to make a man believe he's really deaf. Not that I will ever do that. I wonder how I should greet my niece-in-law. (chuckles) I guess I know.

Enter Mr. and MRS. FERGUSON door C.

MORGOLD SEES THEM.

MORGOLD. Ah, my dears, how are you? (kisses Flo., who is surprised, Fitz coughs critically. Morgold turns to Fitz) Well, my boy, how do you like married life?

FITZ. Wall, weally now, Flowwie is a ding-donger, don't-cher-know

MORGOLD. Hey?

FITZ. Dash it. (aloud with an effort) Vewy fine.

MORGOLD. Hay? Don't shout. Keep cool. Hey?

FITZ. (cheekily) Straw.

MORGOLD. What?

FITZ. (shouts) Vewy fine.

MORGOLD. What? The weather? Now don't shout. Keep cool. Hey?

FITZ. No, mawwied life.

MORGOLD. (aside) Married fiddlesticks.

FITZ. (to his wife) He's a miserable old sinner.

MORGOLD. What?

MRS. F. (louder) He says you were looking thinner.

MORGOLD. Hey? Don't shout my dear. Keep cool.

MRS. F. (shouts) Thinner!

MORGOLD. Dinner?

FITZ. He's as deaf as a post.

MORGOLD. Did you speak?

FITZ. (loudly) Said I'd act as host.

MORGOLD. Oh right! Keep cool! I'm as hungry as a hunter.

FITZ. And you look it.

MORGOLD. Beg pardon?

FITZ. Nothing.

MRS. F. (takes Morgold by the arm) Come on Uncle, we'll let Maggie get the afternoon tea things ready while we adjourn to the sitting room for a minute. I want to show you the new



MORGOLD. Where are we going?  
 MRS. F. Come along. (Exit door R.)  
 FITZ. (very excited) I'll explode this trip. The money will have to go to Billy-o. I've had enough of Auxford drawls, yawns, and general boredom. I'm going to have some life. (Enter Maggie door L.) He kisses her)  
 MAGGIE. Oh! Sir, I'm surprised!  
 FITZ. No, my dear, you're astonished. My wife would be surprised if she knew, but it won't occur again. I was carried away.  
 MAGGIE. (aside) Same as Robert was. (aloud) The old gentleman just kissed me too.  
 FITZ. What!! Uncle!! He's a woman-hater!  
 MAGGIE. It must be his way of showing it.  
 FITZ. Oh, the giddy old rascal. He's a downy bird. I'll blackmail him on this.  
 MAGGIE. I don't know what Robert would say if he knew.  
 FITZ. Ah! Ah! Robert again. That's how the land still lies. Well, good luck to you both. (kisses her again)  
 MAGGIE. Oh! Sir, you said it would not occur again.  
 FITZ. Neither it shall. 'Pon my honour. Good luck my dear. (exit)  
 MAGGIE. He's a gay young spark. What made the change in him. I wonder if his wife knows that he can speak like an Englishman? His name is Ferguson, but his talk is sometimes double Dutch.

ENTER ROBERT DOOR L.

ROBERT. Great news, Maggie, (pulls up) I mean Madge. Can you keep a secret?  
 MAGGIE. (rubs her cheek where Fitz kissed her) (aside) Can I what? (aloud) Rather.  
 ROBERT. The hold Uncle's a pal of mine. 'E's rollin' hin millions and has give me five sovs for doin' nothin'.  
 MAGGIE. (excitedly) He can kiss me again.  
 ROBERT. What?  
 MAGGIE. The bld gent.  
 ROBERT. Did he kiss you?  
 MAGGIE. Only once.  
 ROBERT. I'll break his neck. 'E can take 'is bloomin' gold somew'ere helse. (after a pause) Still, 'e didn't know you belonged to me.  
 MAGGIE. Neither do I.  
 ROBERT. But you soon will. You can get your trussacks ready very soon now.  
 MAGGIE. (A la stage manner) Oh! Robert, this is so sudden.  
 ROBERT. Rats. (puts his arm round her) We'll be hin for another row. We'd better 'urry hup. (after a second) Say, Hi've got another secret.  
 MAGGIE. Say, so have I. (rubs her cheek again) Tell me yours first.  
 ROBERT. No, what's your secret?  
 MAGGIE. Nothing.  
 ROBERT. Out with it.  
 MAGGIE. (slowly) Master ki-----  
 ROBERT. (in a rage) What?  
 MAGGIE. (hurriedly) Master kicked the table and he swore.  
 ROBERT. Rats! His that hall?  
 MAGGIE. No! but fancy him swearing!  
 ROBERT. Didn't think he had the pluck.  
 MAGGIE. He's a better sort than he makes out.  
 ROBERT. How do you know?  
 MAGGIE. I guessed it.  
 ROBERT. Well, now that you're goin' to be married, you'll 'ave to give hup guessin'. 'Ush, 'ere they come. (They quickly busy themselves about the table, preparing for afternoon tea)  
 ENTER MR AND MRS FERGUSON AND MORGOLD DOOR C.  
 They sit, Mr. F., M.  
 Exit ROBERT and MAGGIE door R., at a nod from Mrs. F.  
 MORGOLD. I hope my boy, you always copy the traditions of the English gentleman and speak like an aristocrat?  
 MRS. F. (loudly) He tries to please you in every way, Uncle.  
 FITZ. (to her) Never no more dear.  
 MORGOLD. What? Don't shout: Keep cool.



FITZ. (startled) I said, to be sure, Uncle.

MORGOLD. (aside) It sounded like mutiny. (aloud) You see, I must leave my little bit of money to an English Gentleman, and what is more natural than that a man whose name is Ferguson, should be English by nature.

FITZ. (despondently) Lord help the poor English Gentlemen if I am a specimen. (aloud) Weally Uncle, I always stwive to do my vewy best to meet your requirements, but sometimes it is a gweat stwain.

MORGOLD. Say it again. Didn't catch. But don't shout! Keep cool!

FITZ. A gweat stwain,

MORGOLD. To be a gentleman?

FITZ. (angrily) No, to act up to your idea of a gentleman. (lower) Curse the old fool. I have had enough of this.

MRS. F. He was saying how nice it was to have you here.

FITZ. Oh! Florrie, that was a lie and a half. Where's your Mother, Florrie?

FLO. Our Mother Fitz.

FITZ. No you don't. Where is she?

FLO. Upstairs. She doesn't take afternoon tea. She'll be down to dinner to meet Uncle, and so will alot of my old girl friends. They are coming to rehearse a song that I've persuaded Fitz to sing, called "A Garden of Girls."

FITZ. Yes, bah Jove, just fawncy me, don't-cher-know.

FLO. Yes, Uncle, Fitz is a flirt, and I didn't find it out till one week, when I asked him if I was the only girl he ever loved.

UNCLE. Bah, nonsense! Only girl! Absurd.

FITZ. Quite wight Uncle. Exactly what I told her, bah Jove, so she wote a song and made me learn it and now she's dwagged in all her girl pals for the chorus.

UNCLE. A pack of girls coming!! No good to me, I'm off!! (he goes out)

FITZ. (natural voice) Hurrah, my items off.

FLO. No it isn't. I wouldn't disappoint my pals for worlds. They're all dressed up and must have somewhere to go. Go on Fitz. Be a sport.

FITZ. Right-o. Go and throw on your costume while I give the song a fly, and be ready to hop in when your cue comes.

FITZ SINGS:-

"GARDEN OF GIRLS"

GIRLS COME IN AS NAMED IN :CHORUS. AND BALLET.



A GARDEN OF GIRLS.

1st. VERSE.

I was feeling lonely, on a summer night,  
In a lovely garden, while the moon shone bright,  
I was thinking of the long ago,  
Of the pretty girls I used to know,  
While I was sleeping, they came a peeping,  
And I seemed to hear them say "Hello".

REFRAIN.

In my dreams I seemed to see sweet Pansy,  
Hand in hand with Violet and Rose,  
Then came Iris, clad in purple beauty,  
She's as sweet as anything that grows,  
Marguerite and Daisy bowed before me,  
Lily follow'd all in virgin white,  
And Daphne danced with Poppy in my garden,  
I hope I dream that dream again tonight.

2nd. VERSE.

I was feeling happy, it was Paradise,  
For they used to love me, and they all were nice,  
All of them with me had had some fun,  
And I'll have some more before I'm done,  
The greatest bliss is, some loving kisses,  
And I've got a few for every one.

-----



①  
A C T     1 1 1.

Scene 2.

UNCLES     RECOVERY.

Five months later.

Drawing Room at Ferguson's Residence in Australia.

MAGGIE is seated reading M.S.S., of song and humming tune.

MAGGIE. I'm scared to death that I'll have to keep Robert singing for the rest of his life. His h's are perfect when he sings but when he speaks, to use his own words - they're hawful. What with one man in the house with two voices like Mr. Ferguson, and one with two kinds of pronunciation, like Robert, with a long thin lawyer, and a short fat partner, with an old she-cat trying to purr, so as to attract a rich deaf old fool, it leaves me and Mrs. Hastings as the only natural people in the world. The sooner Robert and I get out of this the better, I do think.

(Robert appears at door, up stage, and sings quietly "with my little Maggie in our old log hut we'll be happy all the day" Maggie jumps up gladly and says.)

MAGGIE. That's right, keep on singing.

ROBERT. Good 'eavens, wot do you think H! ham, a phonograph?

MAGGIE. (disgusted) There! You've spoilt it all.

ROBERT. Wot his hit now? Of course H!m to blame. That's has sure has hanything.

MAGGIE. (laughs) Oh! It's nothing Robert, except that it's made me make up my mind the sooner we leave here the better.

ROBERT. Leave 'ere, with golding soverings bein' passed haround has tips? not hi!

MAGGIE. And you said you wanted to marry me.

ROBERT. (rushes up) Marry, his hit. Hif hits marrying, hits O.K., to me. We'll leave to-night, hif yer like!

MAGGIE. No, we couldn't do that. We must give a weeks notice, but if things do not alter to-night and this topsy turvy house turns right way up, I'm giving notice to-morrow. I like Mrs. Ferguson always, and I like Mr. Ferguson sometimes, but I don't like either of them well enough to go crazy over them. So Robert, we'll sign a joint letter to-morrow, Robert, we will, we will.  
H

ROBERT. We will, we will, hand the day we leaves we'll sign a joint marriage, cer-te-ly.

(He clasps her. She throws arm around his neck)

MAGGIE. We will!! Let's hope nothing goes wrong to-night to spoil it.

ROBERT. Then hour Murray Moon and hour hold loh 'ut will both come true.

MAGGIE. (hands to ears) Oh! Robert, don't say "hold log 'ut". Sing that anyhow. It has got some romance then.

ROBERT. Right-ho. 'Eres both hof hus together.

(They exit together, singing first two lines of "Old Log Hut")  
(as they retire (left) enter Mrs Hastings and Flo, centre)



2  
MRS. H. (looking up) And are you sure, Florrie, my dear, that your Fitzwilliam is as good as you think he is?

FLO. Think Mother! I have every reason to be sure of it. He's never been anything but kindness itself to me.

MRS. H. I wish he would drop that silly, artificial way of his.

FLO. (aside) So does he. (aloud) Oh! Mother! I think that is one of his most charming characteristics. It is so distinctive

MRS. H. (aside) So foolish. (aloud) I can't understand how he ever grew into such a man. I thought Australians were of a more decisive character, natural and breezy.

FLO. (tearfully) Mother, if you say another word against dear Fitz I shall go outside. I won't hear anything against him He's the best man in the world.

MRS. H. (soothingly) My dear child, I'm not saying anything against him. In fact, I have been very agreeably surprised at his good sense at times and his gift of humour. They certainly belie his appearance.

FLO. It's not his fault.

MRS. H. Whose is it?

FLO. (pettishly) Oh! I don't know.

Mrs. H. Now is you want a rough diamond, look at his Uncle.

FLO. (angrily) I wish I could look at his Uncle. (aside) If looks could kill, he'd be dead in two seconds.

MRS. H. I rather like him. He is so genuine.

FLO. (aside) And makes others artificial. (aloud) Oh! Yes, so very genuine.

MRS. H. In some ways he reminds me of your poor dear father ----

FLO. (aside) What's this? (aloud) Surely not, Mother.

MRS. H. And I always have an affection for anyone who is like my dear departed Tom.

FLO. (aside) Affection? Oh! Mother! (aloud) But surely, Mother --

MRS. H. The only thing is he is rather deaf.

FLO. (sarcastically) Yes, just slightly.

MRS. H. (hopefully) But very rich.

FLO. (aside) Oh Fitz, we will have to look out. (aloud) But Mother he a confirmed woman-hater.

MRS. H. (Coquettishly) Ah dear, I've seen that sort before, but when--  
When what, Mother?

FLO. When they meet a twin soul, it is different.

Why, are you going deaf too Mother?

MRS. H. Don't be ridiculous, child. Can't I discuss your husband's relative without you making silly remarks about it?

Oh! If it's only discussing him, I don't mind, but I thought you were going to appropriate him.

What nonsense child!! Whatever could have put such a silly notion into your head?



FLO. Well, you will be seeing him again soon.

MRS. H. (eagerly) How's that dear? How soon? What do you mean?

FLO. (aside) Fitz, we shall have to be careful. (aloud) He's telegraphed that he's coming here this morning.

MRS. H. What time? (rises and looks in mirror)

FLO. He didn't say, but he asked me to telephone to the lawyers to meet him on important business.

MRS. H. Your Uncle seems fond of telegraphing.

FLO. Not my Uncle Mother,

MRS. H. He is your Uncle. (aside) Who knows he may be a <sup>nearer</sup> relative some day?

FLO. Well, as Fitz says, he's our Uncle, and we've got to put up with him.

MRS. H. It should be a pleasure and a privilege. (aside) If would be for me

FLO. (aside) Mother's quite sentimental. I must warn Fitz of this latest danger.

MRS. H. (standing before mirror) Well Florrie, I think I will go upstairs and change my dress.

FLO. Why, Mother?

MRS. H. (moving) No reason at all. Just want something to do. (aside) I must look my best to-day. (exit L)

FLO. Uncle may be rich, but this is richer. The second quarters allowance is due to-day. We must get it from Uncle today, before Mother sees him, or we may never get it at all.

ENTER FITZ DOOR L.

FLO. Oh Fitz, dear, such a joke.

FITZ. I'm glad you think so, Florrie. I'm the mist miserable chap on Gods earth, and I could do with something to laugh at.

FLO. What is it Fitz. (goes to him)

FITZ. Oh, the usual thing. Tired of acting tiredness. Yawning because of yawning. Trying to see through a damned eyeglass that is of no more use for the purpose than a brick wall. (looks round) I am going to sling the whole thing and take on navvying.

FLO. Wait until to-night and get the quarters cheque anyhow.

FITZ. I'm hanged if I think I can Flo, and I am half inclined to think it's mean to try. However, Uncle Joseph is coming to-day and I feel pretty sure the temperature will rise to boiling point and an explosion will follow. Let's hope it will come after he has parted up.

FLO. But Fitz, wait till I tell you. Mother seems to be getting very fond of your Uncle Joseph.

FITZ; The deuce she is! Our Uncle Joseph, Flo.,

FLO. Alright, our Uncle Joseph, Fitz. Everything we have is ours isn't it?

FITZ. Rather.

FLO. But fancy our Mother?

FITZ. Oh come off, Florrie. She's all yours.



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FLO. No fear. She is ours now.

FITZ. Well, I give my share to Uncle Joseph, he's welcome to that much.

FLO. Well, in that case, I'll add mine; because I'm sure Mother wouldn't mind.

FITZ. Perhaps Uncle Joseph would?

FLO. Pooh! That doesn't matter.

FITZ. You don't know Uncle Joseph.

FLO. You don't know Mother.

FITZ. (aside) I know quite enough. Uncle's welcome to what I do know.  
(aloud) Well, it will at least keep the money in the family.

FLO. Poor Fitz! Poor Mother! Mother will have to practice shouting.

FITZ. And when she does she will receive instructions. (imitates)  
Don't shout. Keep cool,

FLO. (laughs) And then Mother will "wap him ovah the knuckles".

FITZ. Pathetically Poor Uncle!

FLO. do Poor Mother!

FITZ. cheerfully shaking hands, and then embrace. "Lucky us"  
FLO.

FITZ. (listening) What's that? Sounds like Uncle's voice. & I'm off!  
(kisses Flo) Hoop-la, sweetheart, I'm off!! (exit door C.)

ENTER UNCLE DOOR R.

Morgold. Here I am again, but what a different man. (sees Flo) Ah! Florrie my dear, (kisses her) Glad to see your old Uncle Joseph?

FLO. Of course, Uncle, always glad to see you.

MOR. Eh? I beg your pardon?

FLO. (shouts) Very glad Uncle.

MOR. Alright my dear. Don't shout. Keep cool.

FLO. (aside laughing) Poor Mother! Fitz takes him off to a "T".

MOR. Fitzwilliam in?

FLO. (loudly) Somewhere about.

MOR. Lawyers coming? (looks at watch)

FLO. (nods) Yes.

MOR. Good! (Chuckles aside) We'll have some rare good fun to-day.  
(aloud) Don't wait here if you want to go my dear. Give me a book and I'll read till Long and Short come.

FLO. Thank you Uncle. I've got a lot to do. Ta-ta! (waves her hand to him. exit door R.)

MOR. (rising and rubbing hands.) I'm looking forward to a splendid time to-day. The age of miracles is not past. The old Swiss doctor worked wonders on my ears, and now I can hear as well as anyone. Better, in fact. (laughs) What a joke I will have. I used to think I wasn't deaf, but I'm only beginning to understand how deaf I really was. Why I can hear a pin drop now, and nobody knows of my recovery, but me and the old doctor. What a difference it makes to a man. I'm only beginning to realize what a fool



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I've been about Fitzwilliam. I've heard my one time favourite type abroad, since I recovered my hearing, and I've come to abominate them. I'm simply longing to hear good, pure Australian English again. If I have ruined that boy I shall never forgive myself. (listens - voices heard) Isn't my hearing splendid? There's that girl Maggie, and old Long and Short.,

ENTER MAGGIE DOOR R IN ADVANCE OF TALL AND SHORT

MAGGIE. Just wait in there a minute and I'll tell Mrs. Ferguson. (sees Morgold) (aside) Hullo! The deaf gent. The woman-hater, I don't think. (laughs)

MOR. (rises) Good-day gentlemen. Sit down. (walks towards Maggie who moves back) It's alright my dear, don't be afraid. I won't eat you.

MAGGIE. I'm not afraid sir.

T. to S. He seems very jolly.

S. to T. Peculiarly so.

MOR. (to Maggie) Married?

MAGGIE. (shouting) No!!

MOR. Soon?

MAGGIE. (shouts) Yes.

MOR. When?

MAGGIE. (shouts) Month.

MOR. Who?

MAGGIE. (shouts) Footman.

MOR. Robert?

MAGGIE. Yes.

MOR. (beckons) Here. (tips her) (aside) Clever girl that. Beat me at my own game. (goes down)

MAGGIE. (counts coins aside) My word Robert, I've scored Five pounds for pin money. (exit R) (Going) I'm glad we didn't leave before he came anyhow.

MORGOLD to Tall and Short who are smiling.

BOTH. (shout) Yes.

MOR. Don't shout. Keep cool. Very clever girl. Deserves to get on. Smart man Robert too. Must help them. (to T and S) Make a note of that will you? (T and S each take out notebook)

MOR. (aside smiling) These two are among my best discoveries. (aloud)  
TALL. Is there anything we can do-- You got the telephone message?

SHORT. For you----

MOR. (hands up) Don't shout. (takes out ear trumpet) Keep cool. Of course there's something you can do. First of all guess what it is

to S. Can you guess?

to T. No. Can you?

BOTH. We give it up.

MOR. (cautiously) Come nearer. (They draw chairs up) Hush! I'm completely cured of my deafness. (They start up) Hush now. no noise



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TALL. (still loudly) But sir, you must allow us ----

SHORT. To congratulate you-----

TALL. On the sudden return of the -----

SHORT. Wonderful sense of hearing.

MOR. (looking round) That's enough. That's enough. You have to keep this secret. My nephew is not to know of my recovery on any account whatever. This (pointing to ear trumpet) is a blind. I'm going to have some fun for my money to-day.

TALL. But sir, you don't intend -----

SHORT. To punish him surely. It would scarcely----

TALL. Be fair, by any means.

MOR. Don't sing out before he's hurt. I'm sick of his silly, foppish ways.

TALL. But----- Mr. Morgold,

SHORT. Really Mr. Morgold,

BOTH. We must protest.

MORGOLD. (amused) Why, pray?

TALL. It was entirely -----

SHORT. Your own idea.

MOR. That doesn't excuse him. He should have had more pluck and disobeyed an old man's foolish wishes.

SHORT. But sir ----

TALL. You absolutely insisted.

MOR. I know I did. More fool me. I am going to give him another chance. If he doesn't revolt, I'll stop his allowance and cut him off with nothing at all.

S to T. This is not fair.

T to S. Decidedly not.

MOR. (sternly) You clearly understand gentlemen, my nephew is not to know of my recovery. You understand?

BOTH. But, sir---

MOR. (sternly) You understand!

BOTH. (slowly) Yes sir.

MOR. Well I want you to be at your offices after dinner to-night. I shall have some very important documents to complete, as a result of to-days developments, I expect, and as I sail for England to-morrow, I can't lose any time. Is that understood?

S to T. I suppose it is. Poor boy!

T to S. We can't help it, poor lad.

BOTH. (going) Yes, sir.

MOR. Ah!, that's good. Well, goodbye till then.

BOTH. (retiring slowly) Goodbye, Mr. Morgold. (exit R.)

Morgold. Well, I've upset them properly. Still, it will all come right,



if my nephew has any sense. I must say he has absorbed his part well. Not one of my spies can report a singly lapse. His wife seems a splendid woman. Good enough for any man. I wonder if I'll always be a woman-hater. (takes up book)

ENTER MRS HASTINGS DOOR L.  
MRS HASTINGS.

She sees Morgold in chair. Touches her hair, straightens her hair, and advances slowly, apparently oblivious of his presence)

MOR. (aside) Hullo! Who's this. Ah! Florrie's Mother, I do believe. What a fine looking woman. (aloud) (rising) Excuse me, madam, I believe we've met before.

MRS H. (apparently very much surprised) Oh! sir, you gave me quite a fright. I thought I was alone with my thoughts.

MOR. (hand to ear) Eh? (aside) That will deceive her.

MRS H. (aloud) I forgot he was deaf.

MOR. (aside) I thought so.

MRS H. (loudly) Thought I was alone Mr Morgold.

MOR. (takes out trumpet) Don't shout, my dear madam: keep cool. (aside) She's certainly a fine woman. (aloud) Is your Daughter well?

MRS.H. (loudly) Splendid, thank you.

MORGOLD. (aside) Oh, this shouting spoils everything. I wonder if I can trust her. (looks round) I think I'll chance it. (aloud) Can you keep a secret?

MRS H. (pleased) Yes. (What about my age (this aside))

MOR. (confidentially) Well lister, I'm not deaf any more. I have been cured.

MRS H. (screams) (He goes to put his hand over her mouth but remembers himself)

MOR. (confused) I beg your pardon, but really, that's not keeping a secret.

MRS. H. I'm very sorry. The shock was so great. It seemed too good to be true.

MOR. Why, are you pleased? Do you care?

MRS H. Of course I do. I've always taken a great interest in you. (aside) That's fetched him.

MOR. (aside) I seem to have made an impressions (aloud) Really, Madam, I've always admired you and your daughter Florrie.

MRS H. (innocently) She's names after me.

MOR. (falling in) Is your name Florrie? (aside) We're getting on.

MRS. H. (Bashfully) Yes Florrie is my name too. (aside) He's caught I think.

MORGOLD. (skillfully) Florrie's my favourite name for a girl. (hesitates) What's your favourite name for a man?

MRS. H. (sadly) Florrie's father's name was Thomas. I always liked that of course, but I think my favourite name is Joseph.

MOR. (surprised) Why, that's my name!!



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MOR.

(quickly) Oh! No! Don't go. I'm just beginning to like you. I mean I like you better than ever - I mean I want you to stay with me - for always - I mean (rising and goes towards her) Her back is to him. She is smiling and waiting expectantly) Do you think you can, Florrie? (aside) My word, that's making the pace.

DUEST COMES IN HERE

by

MRS HASTINGS.

and

MR. MORGOLD.

"THR COURTSHIP" OVERLEAF.



9  
"THE COURTSHIP"

Uncle and Mother.

Uncle. I'm quaking, I'm shaking, I'm nervous I fear,  
I'm trembling, dissembling, I'm awfully queer,

Mother. I'm fearful, I'm tearful, I'm terribly shy,  
I'm wondering, I'm blundering, I feel I could cry,

Uncle. I'd squeeze her, I'd tease her, if I had the pluck,  
I'd hold her, enfold her, and call it good luck,

Mother. I'd tease him, I'd please him, but what might he think,  
I'm waiting, for mateing, I'll throw him a wink,

Uncle. She spied me, she eyed me, I'll now chance my fate,  
I'll kiss her, or miss her, I'll try at ant rate.

CHORUS.

Uncle. Oh marry me, my darling, and I'll make a fuss of you,

Mother. Well I'd like to, but I'm nervous, and I don't know what to do,

Uncle. Lay your head upon my shoulder, let me see your eyes of blue  
Will you marry me my darling, for I've fallen in love with you.

Uncle. Don't scold Missus Hastings, I'm terribly shy,

Mother. I think Mister Morgold you're awfully sly,

Uncle. I'm glad that you think so, you flatter me quite,  
I've never been fuller of "pep" than tonight,

Mother. If "pep" should mean pepper, I'd much rather go,  
For widows are not used to such things you know,

Uncle. But why be a widow, why not be a wife,  
The only proposal I've made in my life.

Mother. Oh Joseph, I'm sorry, excuse me I pray,  
I'm swooning,

Uncle. I'm swooning, *that's why* so one thing I must say.

Chorus



MRS. H. (aside) Hooked him. (aloud) Oh! Joseph - I mean Mr. Morgold, I - I - I - don't think I dare. What would Fitzwilliam say.

MORGOLD. Fitzwilliam be d-----

MRS. H. Joseph dear, you must not swear.

MORGOLD. Anything you like dearest, only say "Yes".

MRS. H. If you insist on it, I suppose I must. I couldn't refuse you anything, Joseph dear. (They embrace)

ENTER ROBERT SEES THEM STARTLED ABOUT TO RETIRE  
MORGOLD SEES HIM RELEASES MRS. H.

ROBERT

MORGOLD. Stop young man, I want you. (To Mrs. Hastings) Go my dear Florrie; I will come and see you in a few minutes.

EXIT MRS. HASTINGS. THROWS KISS AS SHE GOES OUT.  
ROBERT SEES AND GRINS.

MOR. Stop that brimacing, or your face will crack. What are you laughing at, you jacknapes?

ROBERT (upset) Nothing, sir.

MOR. (hand to ear) ~~Notthink~~, sir Hey?

ROBERT. (shouts) Nothink sir.

MOR. What did you see?

ROBERT. Less than nothink sir.

MOR. (approvingly) Good man. Come here. See that? (holds out gold coin)

ROBERT Rather!! Hi should smile!

MOR. Here's five of them for you. Continue to see nothing. Marry your pretty Maggie, and be d----- to you. Clear out now.

ROBERT. Yes, sir. (aside) This his a stroke of luck. Hi've struck ha gold reef. (Exit L).

MOR. I've done it now, after all these years. Well, I'm not sorry Poor Florrie must have thought I was awfully sudden. I am sure she had no idea. (chuckles) It takes a forceful lover to win the ladies. - Poor Fitzwilliam!! I must deal squarely with him, if he does not turn out to be a fool. There's plenty of money: enough for all of us and our decendants. Just fancy old Joseph Morgold, the woman-hater, engaged to the most innocent and bashful woman in the world. Lucky Joe! That's what I was always called, and my luck sticks to me. Dear Girl! I hope she won't regret succumbing to my sudden wooing. I must not allow delay, in case she changed her mind. I wonder where she is? (exit door R.)

ENTER FITZ DOOR C. VERY GLOOMY.

FITZ. I wonder where everybody is? Robert tells me the Siamese twins have been and gone, and that Uncle is wandering at large somewhere. I wonder what infernal scheme they're hatching now? Some new martyrdom for me, I'll swear. Well, I've had enough. I'm going to retire hurt. The fifty thousand pounds per year and the multi-millions can go to Cork. I'm a striker for eight hours a day. This game is wearing me to a shadow. If it wasn't for dear old Florrie, I'd have been insane long ago. She's the best wife a fellow ever had, and she and I can be far happier on a little money than we can with a fortune earned by this blighted bit of insanity. To-day sees the finish I swear, and with good luck we'll handle another £2500 to-night. I must get this quarters allowance after work.



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ENTER ROBERT DOOR R.

ROBERT. A gentleman to see you sir.

FITZ. To see me?

ROBERT. Yes sir.

FITZ. And card?

ROBERT. No sir.

FITZ. Oh, show him up.

EXIT ROBERT R.

FITZ. Anything for a change. I suppose I'll have to resume my part. Pay day to-day and then freedom for ever. One of my Uncle's spies, I ~~ve~~ swear.

ENTER DAN IN A HURRY.

DAN. Hullo Fitz, old boy, I' thought I'd surprise you.  
FITZ. (aside) ~~De-ee ittallid My old chum, Dan Roslyn.~~ This is the limit. (aloud) So you have, my deah fellah. Pway sit down. (shakes hands very causually) (aside) I'll back a tenner he's one of Uncle's spies, I meet them everywhere.

DAN. (aside) Good heavens, this is never Fitzwilliam Ferguson.  
(aloud) What's the matter old chap?

FITZ. Mattah? Nothing, my deah chap. Eweything going wippingly, don't-cher -know. (aside) I'm not going to lose ~~£2500~~ £2500 as easily as this.

DAN But look heah, no larks Fitz. What the devil are you playing at?

FITZ. (aside) Is this genuine, I wonder? (aloud) I nevah joke during the week. Sunday is my day of wit, and sometimes I unloose my flow of wit then. (turns away)

DAN . (aside) Well this beats the band!! I do believe old Fitz is playing the richest joke in the world on me, or else he's as mad as a hatter. (~~come on~~ aloud) Come on, drop it, Fitz. Be like you were in Melbourne. The daringest of all the young devils of our day.

FITZ. (aside) No you don't, my boy! (aloud) Weally my deah chap, I couldn't think of such a widiculous thing..

DAN. (aside) That finishes me. (aloud, sarcastically) Thanks for your hearty welsome. It does one good to be greeted with such enthusiasm. Good bye, Mr Ferguson. Excuse my very brief visit. No doubt you are sorry to see me go; but still I must. (goes to door)

FITZ. (aside) I don't like, losing old Dan like this, still I must protect myself. I can't lose £125000 on the post. (aloud) Well, weally, old chap, I'm vevy sowwy if you must go: but look here, you must meet ~~me~~ at Neilson's tomorrow, at three.

DAN (indignantly) No I'm hanged if I will.

FITZ. (Laughing) Now, don't be cwiss. Look, old chap, I'll be flush then, and I give you my sacred word to be the old Fitz then and explain certain things then. Go on, pwomise.

DAN. (suddenly) All right at three. (aside) I can't understand this. (Exit angrily)

FITZ. Here's a kettle of fish. However, I reckon I got out of that nicely. Someone coming. Sounds like Ma-in-flaw. Ah!! I thought



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best

so. Now Fitzwilliam, Behaviour please.

ENTER MRS H. DOOR L.

FITZ. Good-day Mothah. (aside) That word always sticks in my throat.

MRS H. Good-day. my dear son. (aside) No that makes me sound too old, and I feel younger than ever now. (aloud) I mean my dear Fitzwilliam. (aside) Oh that dreadful name. (aloud) Robert tells me you had a visitor.

FITZ. Aw! Yes, Mothah (aside) I'll never get used to that relationship.

MRS H. Will he be staying to dinner with you r Uncle?

FITZ. Oh no Mothah. He's gone away, but will pprobably see me to-morrow. (aside) She slllok very happy over something.

MRS H. Og course, your friends are always welcome, you know, Fitzwilliam.

FITZ. Thank you. (aside) How condescending of her. Who owns the place? She or I?

MRS H. He doesn't know that I will be controlling the purse strings very soon. (aloud) Have you seen your Uncle yet?

FITZ. (Crossly) No, I'm not hurrying the pleasuah at all. It will come soon enough.

MRS H. (aside) I must tell Joseph. (aloud) You must not talk in that way of your Uncle.

FITZ. (aside) What's it got to do with her? Of course, I remember. (aloud) Flowwie tells me you have a vewy considerate wegard for my Uncle zJoseph.

MRS H. (simpers) Well, hardly that. (aside) If he only knew.

FITZ. Well, you have my permission to take him wight in hand. (aside) And I wouldn't envy you either.

MRS H. Fitzwilliam you do not deserve his goodness.

FITZ. Oh! Confound it, I've had enough. (aloud) No pprobably not, Mothah. He's been so beastly, awfully self-sacwificing for my sake. Howev ah, I wepent in solitude. (exit door L)

MRS H. Joseph must really know about his ungrateful nephew. After all he's done too. I don't know what Florrie sees in him atall. (sits)  
ENTER MORGOLD DOOR R SEES HER.

MOR. Ah! Florrie, I've been hunting for you everywhere. Want you particularly.

MRS H. (feigning alarm) Oh Joseph, I've had time to think over my decisi on, and i-N-----

MOR. (aside) I knew it, poor gârl. I've frightened her by my impatience (aloud) No withdrawal, Florrie, (masterfully) For better, for worse, you know.

MRS H. Oh! Joseph, you mustn't. That reminds me of the marriage ceremony (aside) That's a broad hint.

MOR. Of course it does, and for a good reason. You've got to marry me to-day.

MRS H. (pretending) Oh! ----- I can't.

MOR. Why?

MRS H. Oh Joseph, this is so sudden.



MOR. We must. I ev phoned old Long and Short to arrange a special licence. We've got to start for England to-morrow. I've booked our berths. (aside) That's a lie, but it will act.

MRS H. Oh Joseph, how masterful you are!

MOR. (aside) I told you so, taken by storm. (aloud) You agree then Florrie, dear. (Holds out arms)

MRS H. (aside) Rather! (aloud) I - I - I - I suppose I must. (embrace) Now Joseph, you really must excuse me, I'm so overwrought. (Exit door R.)

ENTER T AND S MORGOLD SEES THEM

MOR. Hallo! What's the meaning of this?

T to S. You tell him.

S to T. No, you.

MOR. Come on, tell me.

S & T. (nod to each other each starts, then stops.)

SHORT. We got a phone message -----

TALL. As soon as we arrived at the office, but -----

SHORT. Called to see if -----

TALL. It was genuine -----

MOR. Genuine!! Of course it was. Have you got the licence?

SHORT. No --- but ----- (trembling)

TALL. (trembling) We have entrusted -----

SHORT. do The business to a -----

TALL. do Confidential clerk.

SHORT. (Recovering) So as not to waste time.

MOR. (excited) There must be no delay. Make sure about that.

SHORT. Oh! He'll do it quicker than we could.

MOR. (aside) I think he would. One head is better than two in this case. (aloud) Well, what are you waiting for?

TALL. May we be allowed -----

SHORT. To congratulate you.

T to S. You needn't have snapped me up like that.

T to T. I suggested it.

MOR. Of course you can. I'm the luckiest fellow on the face of the earth. (rings) We can transact our business here instead of to-night at the office.

ENTER ROBERT C.

OR. Have you any pens, ink, or paper in the house? young man?

BERT. Yes, sir.

OR. Hey?

BERT. (shouts) Yes sir,



(4)

MOR. Don't shout, my man, keep cool, Where are they?

ROBERT. (shouts) Hin the library, sir.

MOR. (To Tall and Short.) Come into the library. We can make a start now and finish after my interview with my nephew. (aside) I ~~am~~ getting to be a real American for hustling. (exit c.)

ENTER MR MRS FERGUSON L.

MRS F. Oh! Fitz, I wish to-night were over, and we had that £125000 in our pockets.

FITZ. (laughing) Our pockets, love?

MRS F. (Hiffily) You said everything of yours was ours.

FITZ. Don't be annoyed, Florrie We'll set it right enough, and then we'll drop all this pretense and live happily in the country. Uncle Joseph can give his money to charity in the future.

MRS F. Or to Mother.

FITZ. We,, that's charity.

MRS F. What? Our Mother, Fitz.

FITZ. Our fiddlesticks. She's a giddy young person to think of marrying at her time of life.

MRS F. I didn't say she spoke of marrying him.

FITZ. Even if she did, Uncle Joseph is a woman-hater. She'd have no choice.

MRS F. (teasing) You forget, he kissed me twice.

FITZ. (happily) Oh! That's different. Who wouldn't. (aside) The old bounder won't do it again.

MRS F. Anyway, we are talking nonsense. Mother will never marry again.

FITZ. Not to a man in his senses.

MRS F. You forget she's my Mother. (indignantly)

FITZ. Our Mother, dear. (soothingly) Anyway, Uncle Koseph will never marry.

MRS F. A woman would be a lunatic to have him.

FITZ. (indignantly) You forget he's my Uncle.

MRS F. (soothingly) Our Uncle, dear.

ENTER UNCLE JOSEPH MORGOLD DOOR C.

MOR. (aside) What are the young rascals talking about?

FITZ. Well, we won't quarrel. Let's kiss and be friends.

MOR. (aside) Ah! a lover's quarrel. (aloud - claps.) Well done, my dears. (Mr and Mrs Ferguson start and turn towards him) (he chuckles) Ah, caught you that time.

FITZ. Weally Uncle, we were wehearsing for a play.

MOR. (aside) Doesn't that bosh sound awful. (aloud) Hey?

FITZ. The deaf old fool.

MOR. (aside) That's more like a manna (aloud) Answer my question.

FITZ. We were practising for a comedietta, Uncle.



18  
MOR. Beg pardon?

FITZ. (shouts) A twagedy, (aside) There'll be one directly. This is a damned nuisance. I'll break up directly.

MOR. Alright my boy. Don't shout. Keep cool. Playing spoons, eh? (chuckles) I was young once. (To them) See this? (Holds out cheque) Your quarters allowance, due to-day.

FITZ. (aside to Mrs. F) Let's get our hand on it. (aloud) Thank you. Uncle.

MOR. No you don't, my boy. (Mr and Mrs F. startled) Answer a few questions first.

FITZ. (clearing his throat) I must practice shouting then. (aloud) Ship ahoy!!!

MOR. (aside) That's a different Fitzwilliam (aloud) Hey?

MRS F. He said = "It's a joy".

MOR. (admiringly aside) Can't she tell 'em. Without a smile too.

FITZ. (aside) I'm itching to handle that cheque. Then there'll be a transformation scene. Dr. Jekyll and Mr Hyde won't be in the same street.

MRS. F. Ask him the questions, Uncle Joseph.

MOR. (aside) Doesn't she say Joseph like her Mother. (aloud) Have you broken your agreement with me in any way? (aside) I hope he has.

FITZ. (shakes head - shouts) No.

MRS F. I'm sure he hasn't, Uncle Joseph.

MOR. (aside) Why not? The young fool. He's an idiot. (aloud) Do you intend to keep your promise?

FITZ. (to his wife) That question belongs to the next quarter. (aloud) Decline to answer.

MRS F. Careful Fitz.

MOR. Heartily aside) That's splendid. He's got some spirit after all. I must pretend I didn't hear it. (Aloud to Fitz) What did you say

MRS F. He said it was hard to answer so far ahead.

MOR. (aside) Now she's gone and spoilt it all. (aloud) Hey?

FITZ. Oh! I've had enough of this. (shouts) I've done my very best this quartah. Next quartah is a different mattah.

MOR. Don't shout my boy, Keep cool. (aside) I'm afraid I've spoilt him forever. He'll be an idiot always.

FITZ. (aloud) He's a d----- old fool.

MOR. (delighted aside) Ah! there's a lapse. There's hope for him yet (aloud) Hey?

FITZ. I said I felt cool.

MOR. (aside) Oh! The liar. (aloud) To MRS FERG) Is that what he said?

MRS F. Yes.

MOR. (aside) What a well-mated pair.



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Mr and Mrs Ferguson retire to back and talk.

MOR. I'm beginning to believe I've been wrong all along. He's still the sensible chap I always thought he was. No wonder he's annoyed with me. I like him all the better for it. I must find out for certain. (To them) Well, my dears, here's your cheque (in act of handing it over) I suppose you're looking forward to the day when Uncle Joseph chuffles off and leaves all his money to you?

FITZ. (snatches cheque and tears it up, throws the pieces on the floor and says passionately). That's the last straw, Uncle Joseph Morgold. Thank Heaven! I can at last speak to you like a man and not a mannikin. Keep your wretched money. (Morgold rubs his hands and looks pleased) Give it to some confounded charity. I guess it will deserve it by the time it gets it. Can you hear me? (Morgold nods) The whole blessed scheme is rotten. Do you hear, "rotten" and not "wotten". I'm done with you and your ideals, Florrie and I (puts arm round her) can face the world together, and we'll do it. You and your money can go to the deuce, do you hear, to the deuce. (He and Flo start for the door)

MOR. Don't shout my boy, keep cool. Come back, both of you. I am delighted with you. I never thought more of you in my life than when you tore that cheque up. You'll never be sorry for it

MRS F. (rushing up to him. Kisses him) Oh! Uncle Joseph, I'm so glad.

MOR. (delighted) The old man is coming out of his shell. (releases her) (shakes hands with Ferguson) I congratulate you my dear boy. Now congratulate me on three things.

FITZ. X I do, what are they?

MRS F. So do I. What are they?

MOR. First: recovery of my senses.

MR and Mrs F. We do.

MOR. Recovery of my hearing.

BOTH. (startled) What?

MOR. (laughing) Don't shout. Keep cool. I thought that would fetch you. I heard every word that you said to my young man.

FITZ. (aside) Oh! The dickens!

MRS F. do Oh! The lies we told.

MOR. And it's though recovering my hearing that I realized what a fool I was trying to make of you. I deserved all you said.

FITZ. No, I'm darned if you did. I'm a rotter.

MOR. No, you're not, my boy, I'm proud of you.

MRS F. Well, Uncle, what is the third thing?

MOR. Prepare for a shock! (lower) My coming marriage.

MRS F. Your marriage! (aside) Poor Mother will be disappointed

MOR. You don't ask to whom.

FITZ. Oh! I don't suppose we'd know her.

MRS F. Have we ever met her?

MOR. (chuckles) Once or twice.

MRS F. (takes his arm) Who is she, Uncle Joseph?

ENTER MRS HASTINGS DOOR C OVERHEARS THEM



MRS H. Who is who? Florrie ? (all start and turn. She comes towards Morgold)

MRS F. Uncle Joseph is going to be married and we want to know the brides name.

MOR. Well, I'll tell you. (arm round Mrs H.) Here she is.

FITZ. (aside) Well, I'm damned. There's quick work.

MRS F. Mother, how could you! (turns to Fitz) Fitz they're quicker than we were.

MOR. Oh! I have some more prizes. (sur (rings bell) I'm a regular Father Xmas to-day.

ENTER ROBERT R.

MOR. Tell Mr Tallboy and Mr. Shortun to step this way. (Robert going) Bring Maggie with you and come here. (exit Robert).

FITZ. Just settle one puzzling question before the lawyers come. Will this lady (indicating Mrs. H) be my Mother-in-Law or my Aunt?

MRS H. Oh! How embarrassing for me. Call me Auntie in future Fitzwilliam please. (aside) It makes me feel so much younger.

MOR. Yes that will do; but you'll be getting the two Florrie's mixed. You will have to call her Auntie Joseph.

ENTER TALL. AND SHORT.

MOR. (sees them) Ah! here you are. Have you got the papers?

TALL. Yes, Mr. Morgold.

SHORT. All of them,

MOR. The deed of gift to my nephew? (F. and Mrs F. look at each other)

MOR. We can fix that up now, as he has proved to be a sensible fellow

TALL. (Goes over to Fitz) I'm delighted my dear sir -----

SHORT. do No more than I am, sir -----

FITZ. (aloud) Many thanks. (aside) They're a pair of dear old chaps. I do like them.

FLORRIE. Let me thank you too for your kindness (shakes hands with both)

TALL. Oh! Madam, it has been a pleasure.

SHORT. Any service to you Madam.

FLORRIE. (to Fitz) Aren't they a splendid pair, (indicating T and S).

T to S. Hasn't everything turned out well. (to Mr and Mrs Ferguson)

MOR to Mrs H. Easily see where their sympathies are. I don't blame them. I've been an old fool.

MRS H. How, Joseph dear?

MOR. Well, I'll explain afterwards, dear. (to T and S.) When you're finished congratulating the young couple, you can give some attention to us.

TALL. (Rushing back) Oh! we really do -----

SHORT. Beg your pardon, Mr. Morgold.



MOR. Alright. Don't shout: Keep cool. Have you got the marriage settlement? (they nod)

MRS H. Oh! Joseph dear.

MOR. Silence my love. (to T and S) Alright, we can fix that up too.

ENTER ROBERT AND MAGGIE.

Morgold sees them.

MOR. And here's our pretty housemaid (Maggie simpers) and her young man. (Robert grins) Do you know what we have arranged for you?

MAGGIE. (bashfully) No, sir.

ROBERT. (seriously) No sir,

MOR. Well, we're buying a little cottage for you over in England, and you're coming along to us next week.

MRS F. Oh, Uncle Joseph, I can't spare them.

MOR. But my dear, you are coming too, Mr Tallboy is to arrange for berths for you and Fitzwilliam on the "Ontanto" next week, and when you arrive you'll find your Uncle Joseph and Aunt "Joseph" ready to give you an enjoyable three months holiday.

MOR. (turns to Mrs H.) A sea trip will do us all good Isn't that right?

MRS H. Yes Joseph. Oh! what a masterful man you are.

MOR. I'm beginning to think I am Now children, will you come? (to Mr and Mrs F.,)

FITZ. England again? I should say so. Won't we darling? But only for a few weeks.

MRS F. Anywhere with you, Fitzwilliam.

MOR. Will you come, young couple., (to Robert and Maggie)

ROBERT. (aside) I should smile. (aloud) Will we Maggie?

MAGGIE. (imitating Mrs F.) Anywhere with you Robert. (all smile) But what about our log hut and the Murray Moon?

MOR. That's all settled, then. Everything's turned out splendidly. (To Mrs H.) You and I get married to-day.

FITZ. (to Mrs F) What?

MOR. Didn't I tell you that. Yes, we are going on the "Moldavia" to-morrow.

MRS F. Oh! FITZ!!

FITZ. Bah Jove, Flowwie Don't-cher-know .

MRS F. Oh! Don't Fitz.

MOR. The rest will follow next week. Our friends here (indicating T and S) will follow later. (They nod delightedly) While the servants can keep house till you return. (points to them who have just come in)

FITZ. And we'll show them all how delighted we are at the pleasant termination of F---

FLORRIE. Don't say those words, or everybody will know the name of the story. Sing some words to an operatic tune.

FITZ. No, by Jove, don't sing anything until I have found out whether



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I win or lose that fifty guineas from Mr. Hughdee who's listening to all of this. (calls) Come on. Mr. Highdee, it's up to you to fish or cut the bait.

ENTER HUGHDEE.

HUGHDEE. (laughs) Well, your play certainly goes on. It is Fine, Fine, Fine, though I hardly believe that's the title - I'm afraid I'll have to lose that fifty guineas and leave it to the audience to guess, who hears the play.

FLO. (laughs) Come on Mr. Hughdee, give it a try.

HUGHDEE. Well, I've been puzzling as follows - with a hand on my head, and one on my cheque book and fountain pen

(He speaks the Riddle of the 4)



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As he speaks these words, each verse, the crowd on stage turn it to music, and sing to an opera tune. When he finishes Fitz shakes his head and points to cheque book. Hughdee sits and writes a cheque for fifty guineas, while:-

FITZ. (laughing) You've certainly mentioned the three F's in your monologue but you've, not put them together, therefore you lose .

HUGHDEE hands over cheque - Fitz pockets it.

FITZ. Now to give the future audience a chance we'll reduce your monologue to a closing chorus and hand over fifty guineas every week amongst anyone who correctly solves the riddle of the F's.

CLOSING CHORUS.

## The Riddle of The Fs

This rump is every word beginning with  
F in the play - leaving the audience a  
\$52-10-00 problem to solve as

The Curtain Falls